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# THE REHEARSAL; A COMEDY.

Written by his Grace,  
George late Duke of *Buckingham*.  
To Expose some PLAYS then in Vogue,  
and their AUTHORS.

WITH

*A KEY and Remarks, necessary to Illustrate the most Material Passages, of this Piece, and to point out the Authors, and Writings here expos'd.*

---

Never Printed with it before.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*,  
near the Water-side. 1709.

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THE  
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TO THE  
READER.

NO one certainly is Ignorant, That the Town has had an eager Expectation of a *Key to the Rehearsal*, ever since it first appear'd in Print; and none has more earnestly desir'd it than my self tho' in vain. Till lately, a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, recommended me to a Person, whom he believ'd capable to give me farther Light into this Matter, than I had hitherto met with from any Hand.

In a short Time I trac'd him out; and when I had found him, he appear'd such a Positive, Dogmatical Spark, that I began to repent of my Trouble, in searching after him.

It was my Misfortune, in his Company, to begin a short Discourse of *Modern Poets*, and *Actors*; and immediately he fell into a

great Passion, and swore, That there were very few Persons now Living, which deserv'd the Name of good *Dramatick Poets*, or *Natural Actors*; and declaim'd against the present Practice of the *English Stage*, with much Violence, saying, he believ'd the two *Companies* were join'd in a *Confederacy* against *Smithfield*, and resolv'd to ruin their Fair, by out-doing them in their *Bombastick Bills*, and ridiculous representing their Plays; adding, That he hop'd e're long *Mr. Collier*, and others wou'd write them down to the Devil. At the same time, he could not forbear to extol the excellent *Decorum*, and *Action* of former Years: And magnified the Poets of the last Age; especially *Johnson*, *Shakespear* and *Beaumont*.

I bore all this with tolerable Patience; knowing it to be too common with *Old Men*, to commend the *Past Age* and rail at the *Present*; and so took my leave of him for that Time, with an intent never to trouble him more; and without acquainting him with my Business.

When next I saw the Gentleman, my Friend, who recommended him to me, I told him how I was entertain'd by his *Cynical Acquaintance*. He laugh'd, but bid me not be discourag'd; saying, that Fit of Railing wou'd soon have been over; and when his just Indignation had spent it self, I might have imparted my Business to him, and receiv'd

ceiv'd some satisfactory Account. However, (said He) go to him again from me; take him to the Tavern, and mollify his Asperity with a Bottle; thwart not his Discourse, but give him his own way, and I'll warrant you he'll answer your Expectation.

I follow'd my Friend's Directions; and found the Event answerable to his Prediction.

Not long after I met him in Fleet-street, and carried him to the Old Devil; and e're we emptied one Bottle, I found him of a quite different Humour, from what I had left him in the Time before. He appear'd in his Discourse, to be a very Honest true Englishman; a Person of a competent Knowledge in the Affair I went to him about, and one who understood the English Stage very well: And tho' somewhat Positive, as I said before, yet I observ'd he always took Care to have Truth of his Side, before he affirm'd or deny'd any thing, with more than ordinary Heat; and when he was so guarded he was Immoveable.

When I had discover'd thus much and call'd for the second Bottle, I told him from whom I came, and the Cause of my addressing to him. He desir'd my Patience till he stept to his Lodgings, which were near the Tavern; and after a short Space he return'd, and brought with him the Papers which contain the following Notes.

When he had read them to me, I lik'd them so well, that I desir'd the Printing of them, provided they were *Genuine*: He as-sur'd me they were, and told me farther,

That, while this *Farce* was Composing, and Altering, he had frequent Occasions of being with the *Author*, of perusing his Papers, and hearing him Discourse of the several *Plays* he expos'd, and their *Authors*: Inso-much, that few Persons had the like Oppor-tunities of knowing his true Meaning as he himself had.

If any other Persons had known the *Author's* Mind so exactly, in all the several Particulars, 'tis more than Probable they wou'd have been made publick before now; but nothing of this Nature having appear'd these *Two and Thirty Years*; (for so long has this *Farce* flour-ished in Print) we may reasonably and safe-ly conclude, that there is no other such like Copy in being; and that these Remarks are *Genuine*, and taken from the great Person's own Mouth and *Papers*.

I was very well satisfy'd with this Account, and more desirous to Print it, than ever; on-ly I told him, I thought it wou'd be very ad-vantageous to the Sale of these *Annotations*, to have a *Preface* to them, under the Name of him who was so well acquainted with the *Author*; but cou'd not, by all the Arguments I was Master of, obtain his Consent; tho' we debated the Point a pretty while.

He alledg'd for his Excuse, that such an Undertaking would be very improper for him, because he should be forc'd to name several Persons, and some of great Families, to whom he had been obliged ; and he was very unwilling to offend any Person of Quality, or run the hazard of making such who are, or may be his *Friends*, become his Enemies ; though he shou'd only act the Part of an Historian ; barely reciting the Words he heard from our Author.

However, said he, if you think a *Preface* of such absolute Necessity, you may easily recollect Matter enough from the Discourse which has pass'd between us, on this Subject, to enable your self, or any other for you, to write one ; especially if you consider, there are but two Topicks to be insisted on.

1. To give the Reader an Account of the Writer of this *Farce*.

2. The Motives which induc'd him to Compose it.

I can stay no longer now, said he, but if you desire any further Direction in this Matter, meet me here to Morrow Night, and I will discourse more particularly on those two Heads, and then take my leave of you ; wishing you good Success with your *Preface*, and that your *Key* may prove a *Golden one*.

Now, kind Reader, having receiv'd all the Instructions I could gain from my Resolute Spark, at our several Meetings, I must stand on my own Legs, and turn *Prefacer*, though against my Will: And thus I set out.

1. To tell you, what all Persons, who are any thing acquainted with the Stage, know already, *viz.* That this *Farce* was written by the most Noble *George Villers*, late Duke of *Buckingham*, &c. A Person of a great deal of Natural Wit and Ingenuity, and of excellent Judgment, particularly in Matters of this Nature. His forward Genius was improv'd by a Liberal Education, and the Conversation of the greatest Persons in his Time; and all these cultivated and improv'd by Study and Travel.

By the former, he became acquainted with the *Writings* of the most celebrated Poets of the late Age; *viz.* *Shakspear*, *Beaumont* and *Johnson*, (the last of whom he knew Personally, as being 13 Years Old when he died) as also with the Famous Company of Actors at *Black-Fryars*, whom he always admir'd.

He was likewise very intimate with the Poets of his Time, as *Sir John Denham*, *Sir John Suckling*, the Lord *Falkland*, *Mr. Sidney Godolphin*, (a near Relation to the Lord High Treasurer of *England* that now is, the Glory of that Antient Family) *Mr. Waller* and *Mr. Cowley*; on the last of whom he bestow'd a Gentile Annuity during his Life; and a Noble

Ble Monument in Westminster-Abby after his  
Decease.

By Travel he had the Opportunity of observing the Decorum of Foreign Theaters; especially the French, under the Regulation of Monsieur Corneille, before it was so far banished, and over-run with *Opera* and *Farce* as now it is; and before the Venom thereof had cross'd the narrow Seas and Poyson'd the English Stage. We being naturally prone to imitate the French in their Fashions, Manners, and Customs, let them be never so Vicious, Fantastick, or Ridiculous.

By what has been said on this Head, I hope you are fully satisfy'd who was the Author of this Piece, which the Learned and Judicious Dr. Burnet (now Bishop of Sarum) calls a *Correction*, and an *Unmerciful Exposing*; and I believe, you have as little Cause to doubt of his being able to perform it.

Had this Great Person been indued with *Constancy* and *Steadiness* of Mind, equal to his other Abilities both Natural and aequir'd, he had been the most Compleat Gentleman in his Time.

I shall proceed *Secondly* to show,

2. The Motives which induc'd him to undertake it.

The *Civil War*; had silenc'd the Stage for almost twenty Years, tho' not near so lewd then, as it is since grown; and it had been

## The Publisher to the Reader.

happy for England, if this had been the worst Effect of that War. The many *Changes* of *Government* that succeeded the Dissolution of the *Ancient Constitution* made the People very *Uneasie*, and unanimously desirous of its *Restitution*; which was effected by a Free Parliament, in the Year 1660.

This sudden *Revolution*, which is best known by the Name of the *Restauration*, brought with it many ill *Customs*, from the several Countries, to which the King and *Cavaliers* were retir'd, during their *Exile*; which prov'd very pernicious to our *English Constitution*, by corrupting our *Morals*; and to which the Reviving the *Stage*, and bringing Women on't, and encouraging and applauding the many *Lewd*, *Senseless* and *Unnatural Plays*, that ensued upon this great *Change*, did very much contribute.

Then appear'd such Plays as these, *The Siege of Rhodes*, *1 Part*, Acted at the *Cock-Pit*, before the *Restauration*; *The Play-House to be Let*; *The Slighted Maid*; *The United Kingdoms*; *The Wild Gallant*; *The English Monsieur*; *The Villain*, and the like.

In the following Notes, you will meet with several *Passages* out of all these (except the *United Kingdoms*, which was never Printed) as you will out of several other Plays, which are here omitted.

Our

Our most Noble Author, to manifest his just Indignation, and Hatred of this Fulsom New Way of Writing, us'd his utmost Interest and Endeavours to stifle it, at its first appearing on the Stage, by Engaging all his Friends to explode and run down these Plays, especially the *United Kingdoms*; which had like to have brought his Life in Danger.

The Author of it being Nobly born, of an ancient and numerous Family, had many of his Relations and Friends in the *Cockpit*, during the Acting of it: Some of 'em perceiving his Grace to head a Party, who were very active in Damning the Play, by Hissing and Laughing immoderately at the strange Conduct thereof; there were Persons laid wait for him, as he came out; but there being a great Tumult and Uproar in the House, and the Passages near it, he escap'd; But he was threatned hard; however the Business was composed in a short time, tho' by what means I have not been inform'd.

After this, our Author endeavour'd by Writing, to expose the Follies of these New Fashion'd Plays in their proper Colours; and to set them in so clear a Light, that the People might be able to discover what *Trash* it was, of which they were so fond; as he plainly hints in the *Prologue*. And so set himself to the Composing of this *Farce*.

When his Grace began it, I could never learn; nor is it very material.

Thus

Thus much we may certainly gather from the Editions of the Plays reflected on in it, that it was before the End of 1663. and finish'd before the End of 1664. because it had been several times *Rebears'd*, the Players were perfect in their Parts, and all things in Readiness for its Acting, before the *Great Plague*, 1665. and that then prevented it.

But what was so ready for the Stage, and so near being Acted, at the breaking out of that *Terrible Sickness*, was very different from what hath since appear'd in Print: In that he call'd his Poet *Bilboa*; by which Name the Town generally understood Sir *Robert Howard* to be the Person pointed at, beside there very few of this New Sort of Plays extant, except these before mention'd; And more, than were in Being, cou'd not be Ridicul'd.

The Acting of this *Farce* being thus hindered it was laid by for several Years, and came not on the Publick Theatre, till the Year 1671.

During this Interval, many great Plays came forth, writ in Heroick Rhyme, and on the Death of Sir *William Davenant*, 1669. Mr. *Dryden* a new *Laureat* appear'd on the Stage, much admir'd, and highly applauded; which mov'd the Duke to change the Name of his Poet from *Bilboa*, to *Bayes*, whose Works you'll find often mention'd in the following *Key*.

Thus

Thus far, Kind Reader, I have follow'd the Direction of my new Acquaintance, to the utmost Extent of my Memory, without transgressing the Bounds he assign'd me; and am free from any Fear of having displeas'd him: I wish I cou'd justly say as much, with Relation to the Offences I have committed against your self, and all Judicious Persons who shall peruse this Address.

S. N.

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PLAYS

PLAYS mentioned in this KEY:  
with their Authors Names.

|                                    |                         |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| I. The Lost Lady.                  | Sir William Barkley.    |
| II. Love and Honour.               | Sir William D' Avenant. |
| III. Love and Friendship.          | } Sir Will. Killigrew.  |
| IV. Pandora.                       |                         |
| V. Siege of Rhodes. Part I.        |                         |
| VI. Play House to be Let.          | } Col. Hen. Howard.     |
| VII. United Kingdoms.              |                         |
| VIII. Slighted Maid.               | Sir Robert Stapleton.   |
| IX. English Monsieur.              | Mr. James Howard.       |
| X. The Villain.                    | Major Tho. Porter.      |
| XI. The Amorous Prince.            | Mrs. Bhen.              |
| XII. Wild Gallant.                 |                         |
| XIII. Maiden Queen, Prologue.      |                         |
| XIV. Tyrannick Love, and Prologue. | Mr. Dryden.             |
| XV. Granada, II. Parts.            |                         |
| XVI. Marriage Alarome.             |                         |
| XVII. Love in a Nunnery.           |                         |

A KEY

# A K E Y TO THE REHEARSAL.

PAGE 7. Line 29. The usual Language of the Honourable *Edward Howard, Esq;* at the Rehearsal of his Plays.

Page 8. Line 17. He who Writ this not without Pain and Thought,

From French and English Theatres, has brought  
Th' Exactest Rules, by which a Play is wrought,  
The Unity of Action, Place, and Time ;  
The Scenes unbroken ; and a mingled Chime,  
Of Johnson's Humour, with Corneille's Rhime.

*Prologue to the Maiden Queen.*

P. 11. l. 8. The Part of *Amaryllis*, was Acted by Mrs. *Ann Reeves* : Who, at that time, was kept by Mr. *Bayes*.  
P. 12. l. 30. Two Kings of *Brentford*, suppos'd to be the two Brothers, the King and the Duke. See the 1st Note on the IV. Act.

P. 14. l. 32. There were printed Papers given to the Audience, before the Acting the *Indian Emperor* : Telling them, that it was the Sequel of the *Indian Queen*, part of which Play was written by Mr. *Bayes, &c.*

P. 15. l. 37. Person, I Gad, I vow to Gad, and all that, is the constant Stile of Failer in the Wild Gallant: For which, take this short Speech instead of many.

Failer. Really, Madam, I look upon you, a Person of such Worth, and all that, that I vow to Gad, I Honour you of all Persons in the World: And tho' I am a Person that am inconsiderable in the World, and all that, Madam, yet for a Person of your Worth and Excellency I would, &c. Wild Gallant, p. 8.

Ibid. l. 34. He contracted with the King's Company of Actors, in the Year 1668, for a whole Share, to write them four Plays a Year.

P. 16. l. 32. *In Ridicule of this,*  
So two kind Turtles, with a Storm is nigh,  
Look up and see it gath'ring in the Sky ;  
Each calls his Mate to shelter in the Groves :  
Leaving in Murmurs their unfinish'd Loves.  
Pearch'd on some dropping Branch, they sit alone,  
And Coo, and hearken to each others Moan.

*Conquest of Granada, Part II. p. 48.*

P. 17. l. 16. I am the Evening dark as Night.

*Slighted Maid, p. 48.*

Ibid. l. 30. Let the Men wear the Ditches.

Maids look to their Breeches,  
We'll scratch them with Briars and Thistles.

*Slighted Maid, p. 49.*

P. 18. l. 12. Abraham Ivory had formerly been a considerable Actor of Womens Parts; but afterwards stupified himself so far with drinking Strong-Waters, that, before the first acting of this Farce, He was fit for nothing, but to go of Errands: For which, and meer Charity, the Company allow'd him a Weekly Salary.

Ibid. l. 21. Drake Sen. Draw up our Men; and in low Whispers give our Orders out.

*Play-House to be Let, p. 100.*

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See the *Amorous Prince*, p. 20, 22, 39, 69. where you will find, all the chief Commands, and Directions, are given in Whispers.

P. 21. l. 8. Mr. William Winterbul was a most Excellent, Judicious Actor; and the Best Instructor of others: He died July 1679.

P. 22. l. 11. See the 6th Note on the 3d Act.

Ibid. l. 26. He was a great Taker of Snuff; and made most of it himself.

P. 25. l. 6. The *Lost Lady*, by Sir Robert Stapleton.

Ibid. l. 9. Compare this with *Prince Leonidas* in *Marriage Almada*.

Ibid. l. 29. *In Imitation of this Passage.*

As some fair Tulip, by a Storm oppress'd,  
Shrinks up, and folds its Silken Arms to rest;  
And, bending to the Blast, all Pale, and Dead,  
Hears from within the Wind sing round its Head:  
So shrouded up your Beauty disappears,  
Unveil, my Love, and lay aside your Fears;  
The Storm that caus'd your Fright, is past, and gone.

*Conquest of Granada*, Part I. p. 55.

P. 29 l. 19. Such easy Turns of State, are frequent in our Modern Plays; where we see Princes dethron'd, and Governments chang'd, by very feeble Means, and on slight Occasions; particularly in *Marriage Almada*; a Play, writ since the first Publication of this Farce. Where (to pass by the Dullness of the State Part, the Obscurity of the Comick, the near Resemblance *Leonidas* bears to our Prince Prettyman, being sometimes a King's Son, sometimes a Shepherd's; and not to question how *Amalthea* comes to be a Princess, her Brother, the King's great Favourite, being but a Lord) 'tis worth our while, to observe, how easily the fierce and Jealous Usurper is depos'd. and the Right Heir plac'd on the Throne; as it is thus related, by the said Imaginary Princess.

*Amalthea*. Oh, Gentlemen, if you have Loyalty,  
Or Courage, show it now. *Leonidas*,

Broke

Broke on the sudden from his Guards, and snatching  
 A Sword from one, his Back against the Scaffold.  
 Bravely defends himself; and owns aloud  
 He is our long lost King, found for this Moment;  
 But, if your Valours help not, lost for ever.  
 Two of his Guards, mov'd by the Sense of Virtue,  
 Are turn'd for him; and there stand at Bay,  
 Against an Host of Foes. —

*Marriage Alamode*, p. 61.

This shows Mr. Bayes to be a Man of Constancy, and  
 firm to his Resolution, and not to be laugh'd out of his own  
 Method: Agreeable to what he says in the next Act. *As  
 long as I know my things are Good, what care I what they  
 say.*

Ibid. l. 28. I know not what to say, or what to Think!  
 I know not when I sleep, or when I wake!

*Love and Friendship*, p. 46.

My Doubts and Fears, my Reason do dismay:  
 I know not what to do, or what to say.

*Pandora*, p. 46.

P. 33. l. 1. Prince Prettyman, and Tom Thimble, Failer  
 and Bibber his Taylor, in the *Wild Gallant*, p. 5. 6.

Ibid. l. 25. Nay, if that be all, there's no such Hast. The  
 Courtiers are not so forward to pay their Debts.

*Wild Gallant*, p. 9.

Ibid. l. 32. Take a little Bibber  
 And throw him in the River,  
 And, if he will Trust never.  
 Then let him lye ever.

Bibber. Then say I,

Take a little Failer  
 And throw him to the Taylor,  
 And there let him lye  
 Till he has paid his Taylor.

*Wild Gallant*, p. 12.

P. 34. l. 1.  
 Ibid. l. 33

P. 35. l. 1.

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P. 36. l. 2  
 Ibid. l. 36

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P. 39. l. 3

P. 42. l. 2

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P. 43. l. 5  
 Ibid. l. 16

P. 34. l. 4. A great Word with Mr. Edward Howard.  
Ibid. l. 33. See the 8th Note on the II. ACT, p. 29.

P. 35. l. 21. In Imitation of this.

On Seas, and in Battles, through Bullets and Fire,  
The Danger is less, than in hopeless Desire ;  
My Death's Wound you gave me ; tho' far off I bear  
My Fall from your Sight, not to cost you a Tear :  
But if the kind Flood on a Wave wou'd convey,  
And under your Window my Body wou'd lay ;  
When the Wound on my Breast you happen to see,  
You'll say with a Sigh, it was given by me.

This is the latter part of a Song, made by Mr. Bayes on  
the Death of Capt. Digby, Son of George Earl of Bristol,  
who was a Passionate Admirer of the Dutches Dowager of  
Richmond call'd by the Author Armida : He lost his Life in  
a Sea Fight, against the Dutch, the 28 of May, 1672.

P. 36. l. 22. See the two Kings in the Conquest of Granada ;  
Ibid. l. 36. Albert. Curtius, I've something to deliver to  
your Ear. and no Person to deliver it to you  
Cur. Any thing from Alberto is welcome.

Amorous Prince, p. 39.

P. 39. l. 33. See the Prince in Marriage Alamide,  
P. 42. l. 22. Let my Horses be brought ready to the Door,  
for I'll go out of Town this Evening.

Into the Country I'll with Speed,  
With Hounds and Hawks my Fancy feed, &c.  
Now I'll away, a Country Life  
Shall be my Mistress, and my Wife.

English Monsieur, p. 36, 38, 39.

P. 43. l. 5. And what's this Maid's Name, Ibid. p. 40.  
Ibid. l. 16. I bring the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.

Siege of Rhodes. Part I. p. 10.

Ibid. l. 22. Mr. Comedy in Love! English Monsieur, p. 49.  
 P. 44. l. 2. Sir William Davenant's Play of Love and Honour.  
 Ibid. l. 22. But Honour says not so.

Siege of Rhodes, Part I. p. 19.

P. 45. l. 9. Love in a Nunnery, p. 34.  
 P. 47. l. 15. Col. Henry Howard, Son of Thomas Earl of Berkshire, made a Play, call'd the United Kingdoms, which began with a Funeral; and had also two Kings in it. This gave the Duke a just occasion to set up two Kings in Brentford, as 'tis generally believed; tho' others are of Opinion, that his Grace had our two Brothers K. Charles and the D. of York in his Thoughts. It was Acted at the Cock-Pit, in Drury-Lane, soon after the Restoration; but miscarrying on the Stage, the Author had the Modesty not to Print it; and therefore the Reader cannot reasonably expect any particular Passages of it. Others say the two Kings are Beabdelin and Abdalla; and Mr. Dryden has in most of his serious Plays two contending Kings of the same Place.

Ibid. l. 27. Conquest of Granada in Two Parts.

P. 50. l. 11. On Seas I bore thee and on Seas I dy'd.

I dy'd: And for a Winding Sheet, a Wave

I had; and all the Ocean for my Grave.

Conquest of Granada, Part II. p. 113.

Ibid. l. 26. Almanzor in the Conquest of Granada.

P. 51. l. 31. In Ridicule of this.

— My Earthly Part —

Which is my Tyrant's Right, Death will remove,  
 I'll come all Soul, and Spirit to your Love.  
 With silent Steps I'll follow you all Day;  
 Or else, before you, in the Sun-Beams play.

P. 52. l. 1. I'll lead you thence to Melancholy Groves,  
 And there repeat the Scenes of our past Loves:

Ibid. l. 5. At Night, I will within your Curtains peep,  
 With empty Arms, embrace you, while you sleep.

In gentle Dreams I often will be by,  
And sweep along before your closing Eye.

Ibid. l. 12. All Dangers from your Bed I will remove ;  
But guard it most from any future Love.

And when at last in Pity you will dye,  
I'll watch your Birth of Immortality.

Ibid. l. 22. Then, Turtle like, I'll to my Mate repair,  
And teach you your first Flight in open Air.

*Tyrannick Love*, p. 25.

P. 54. l. 7. See the Scene in the *Villain*, p. 47, 48, 49, 50,  
51, 52, 53.

Where the Host furnishes his Guests with a Collation out  
of his Cloaths ; a Capon from his Helmet, &c.

Ibid. l. 17. *Almah*. Who dares to interrupt my private Walk ?  
*Alman*. He who dares love, and for that Love must die.  
And knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

*Granada*, Part II. p. 114, 115.

Ibid. l. 28. It was at first dares dye, Ibid.

P. 55. l. 4. *Alman*. I would not now, if thou wou'dst beg  
But I will take my *Almahide* away. (me, stay ;  
*Granada*, p. 32.

Ibid. l. 17. *Alman*. Thou dar'st not marry her, while I'm in  
Sight ;

With a bent Brow, thy Priest, and thee I'll Fright :  
And, in that Scene, which all thy Hopes and Wishes  
shou'd content,  
The Thoughts of me shall make thee Impotent.

Ibid. p. 5.

Ibid. l. 19. Spire of my self, I'll stay, fight, love, despair :  
And all this I can do because I dare.

Part II. p. 89.

P. 58. l. 9. *Max*. Thou lyest. There's not a God inhabits  
there ;  
But, for this Christian, wou'd all Heaven forswear.

Ev'n Jove wou'd try new Shapes her Love to win,  
And in new Birds, and unknown Beasts wou'd sin,  
At least, if Jove cou'd love like Maximin.

*Tyrannick Love*, p. 17.

Ibid. l. 26.  
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Ibid. l. 13. Some God now, if he dare relate what past:  
Say, but he's dead, that God shall Mortal be.

*Ibid.* p. 7.

Ibid. l. 29.

Provok my Rage no farther, lest I be  
Reyeng'd at once upon the Gods, and Thee. p. 8.  
What had the Gods to do with me, or mine. p. 57.  
Ibid. l. 35. Poets, like Lovers, should be bold, and dare;  
They spoil their Business with an over care:  
And he who, servilely, creeps after Sence,  
Is safe; but ne'er can reach an Excellence.

*Prologue to Tyrannick Love.*

P. 67, l. 1.

*Solym.*

Then fr

P. 60. l. 17. What various Noises do my Ears invade;  
And have a Consort of Confusion made?

*Siege of Rhodes*, p. 4.

And

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P. 61. l. 4. Naker. Hark, my Damilear, we are call'd  
below:

*Dam.* Let us go, let us go:

Go to remove the Care

Of longing Lovers in Despair, &c.

*Tyrannick Love*, p. 26, 27.

Ibid. l. 15.

P. 62, l. 23. See *Tyrannick Love*, Act IV. Scene I.

P. 64. l. 11. What new Misfortunes do these Cries presage?

1 *Mess.* Hast all you can their Fury to asswage;

You are not safe from their Rebellious Rage.

2 *Mess.* This Minute if you grant not their Desire,

They'll seize your Person and your Palace fire.

*Granada*, Part II. p. 71.

Their

That

Pyr.

Faint

They

Th

*Muss.*

Pyr.

*Muss.*

P. 66. l. 23. *Aglaena* and the *Vestal Virgin*, are so con-  
triv'd by a little Alteration towards the latter End of  
them, that they have been Acted both ways, either, 2  
Tragedies, or Comedies.

P. 69. l. 1.

*Agr.*

Ibid. l. 26. There needs nothing more to explain the meaning of this Battel, than the Perusal of the First Part of the Siege of Rhodes, which was perform'd in Recitative Musick, by seven Persons only: And the Passage out of the Play-House to be let.

Ibid. l. 29. *The Siege of Rhodes begins thus.*

Admiral. Arm, arm, Valerius, arm.

P. 67, l. 1. *The Third Entry thus.* —

Solym. Pyrrhus draw down our Army wide,  
Then from the Gross two strong Reserves divide,

And spread the Wings,  
As if we were to fight,  
In the lost Rhodians Sight,  
With all the Western Kings.  
Each with Janizaries line;  
The Right and Left to Haly's Sons assign;  
The Gross, to Zangibah.  
The main Artillery  
To Mustapha shall be.

Bring thou the Rear, we lead the Van:  
More Pikes! more Pikes! to reinforce  
That Squadron and repulse the Horse.

*Play-House to be let, p. 72.*

Ibid. l. 15. Point all the Canon and play fast:

Their Fury is too hot to last,  
That Rampier shakes; they fly into the Town!  
Pyr. March up with those Reserves, to that Redoubt.  
Faint Slaves, the Janizaries reel.  
They bend! They bend! and seem to feel  
The Terrors of a Rout.

Must. Old Zanger halts, and Reinforcement lacks,

Pyr. March on!

Must. Advance those Pikes, and Charge their Backs.  
*Siege of Rhodes.*

P. 69. l. 10. Phab. Who calls the World's Great Light?

Aur. Aurora, that abhors the Night.

Phab.

*Phæb.* Why does Aurora, from her Cloud,  
To drown the Phœbus cry so loud?

*Slighted Maid*, p. 8.

*Ibid. l. 25. The Burning Mount Vesuvius.*

Ibid. p. 81.

Ibid. l. 28. Drink, drink Wine, *Lipara* Wine.

*Ibid.* p. 81.

P. 70. l. 23. *Valeria*, Daughter to *Maximin*, having kill'd  
her self for the Love of *Porphyrius*, when she was to be  
carry'd off by the Bearers, strikes one of them a Box on  
the Ear, and speaks to him thus.—

Hold! are you mad, you damn'd confounded Dog?  
I am to Rise, and Speak the Epilogue.

### *Tyrannick Love.*

## The End of the NOTES.

## PROLOGUE

THE  
REHEARSAL,

As it is Acted at the

Theatre Royal,

BY

Her Majesty's Servants.



L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*,  
near the Water-side. 1709.

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# PROLOGUE.

WE might well call this short Mock-Play of ours  
A Poesie made of Weeds, instead of Flowers ;  
Yet such have been presented to your Noses,  
And there are such, I fear, who thought 'em Roses.  
Would some of 'em were here, to see, this Night,  
What stuff it is in which they took delight.  
Here, brisk insipid Rogues, for Wit, let fall  
Sometimes dull Sense ; but oft'ner none at all :  
There, strutting Heroes, with a grim-fac'd Train,  
Shall brave the Gods, in King Cambyses Vein,  
For (changing Rules, of late, as if Men writ  
In spite of Reason, Nature, Art and Wit.)  
Our Poets make us laugh at Tragedy,  
And with their Comedies they make us cry.  
Now, Criticks, do your worst, that here are met ;  
For, like a Rook, I have hedg'd in my Bet.  
If you approve ; I shall assume the State  
Of those High-flyers whom I imitate :  
And justly too, for I will teach you more  
Than ever they would let you know before :  
I will not only shew the Feats they do,  
But give you all their Reasons for 'em too.  
Some Honour may to me from hence arise : 3  
But if, by my Endeavours, you grow wise,  
And what you once so prais'd, shall now despise ; 3  
Then I'll cry out, swell'd with Poetick Rage,  
'Tis I, John Lacy, have reform'd your Stage.

# The Actors Names.

|                       |                    |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Bayes.                | Tom Thimble.       |
| Johnson.              | Fisherman.         |
| Smith.                | Shirley.           |
| 2 Kings of Brentford. | Sun.               |
| Prince Prettyman.     | Thunder.           |
| Prince Volscus.       | Players.           |
| Gentleman Ulster.     | Soldiers.          |
| Physician.            | Two Heralds.       |
| Drawcansir.           | Four Cardinals,    |
| General.              | Mayor,             |
| Lieutenant General.   | Judges,            |
| Cordelio.             | Serjeants at Arms, |
|                       |                    |
|                       | W O M E N.         |
| Amaryllis.            | Lightning.         |
| Cloris.               | Moon.              |
| Parthenope.           | Earth.             |
| Pallas.               |                    |

## Attendants of Men and Women.

### SCENE BRENTFORD.

THE

# THE REHEARSAL.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Johnson and Smith.*

*Johns.* **H**onest Frank! I'm glad to see thee with all my Heart: How long hast thou been in Town?

*Smith.* Faith, not above an Hour: And, if I bad not met you here, I had gone to look you out, for I long to talk with you freely, of all the Strange New things we have heard in the Country.

*Johns.* And, by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the Impertinent, Dull, Fantastical things, we are tir'd out with here.

*Smith.* Dull, and Fantastical! that's an excellent Composition. Pray, what are our Men of Business doing?

*Johns.* I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou knowest my humour lies another way. I love to please myself as much, and to trouble others as little as I can: And therefore do naturally avoid the Company of those solemn Fops; who, being incapable of Reason, and insensible of Wit and Pleasure, are

always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought Men of Business.

*Smith.* Indeed, I have ever observed, that your grave Lookers are the dullest Men.

*Johns.* Ay, and of Birds, and Beasts too: Your gravest Bird is an Owl, and your gravest Beast is an Ass.

*Smith.* Well; but how dost thou pass thy time?

*Johns.* Why, as I use to do; eat and drink as well as I can, have a she-friend to be private with in the Afternoon, and sometimes see a Play: where there are such things, (Frank) such Hideous, Monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the Stage, and resolve to apply my self to the solid Nonsense of your Men of Business, as the more ingenious Pastime.

*Smith.* I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new Plays; and our Country Wits commend 'em.

*Johns.* Ay, so do some of our City Wits too; but they are of the New kind of Wits.

*Smith.* New kind! what kind is that?

*Johns.* Why your Virtuosi, your Civil Persons, your Drolls: Fellows that scorn to imitate Nature, but are given altogether to Elevate and Surprize.

*Smith.* Elevate, and Surprize! prithee make me understand the meaning of that.

*Johns.* Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter: I don't understand that my self. 'Tis a Phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as near as I can, what it is. Let me see; 'tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhyming, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying; and every thing, but Thinking and Sense.

*(Mr. Bayes passes o'er the Stage.)*

*Bayes.* Your most obsequious, and most observant, very Servant, Sir.

*Johns.*

Johns. Godso, this is an Author: I'll fetch him to you.

Smith. No, prithee let him alone.

Johns. Nay, by the Lord I'll have him. (Goes after him.) Here he is: I have caught him. Pray, Sir, now for my sake, will you do a Favour to this Friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small Capacity to do Favours, but receive 'em; especially from a Person that does wear the honourable Title you are pleas'd to impose, Sir, upon this----Sweet Sir, your Servant.

Smith. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Johns. But wilt thou do me a Favour, now?

Bayes. Ay, Sir: what is't?

Johns. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last Play.

Bayes. How, Sir, the meaning? do you mean the Plot?

Johns. Ay, ay; any thing.

Bayes. Faith, Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my Head; but I have a new one, in my Pocket, that I may say is a Virgin; 't has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing. 'Tis all new Wit; and tho' I say it, a better than my last: and you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall Read, and Write, and Act, and Plot, and Show, ay, and Pit, Box and Gallery, I'gad, with any Play in *Europe*. This Morning is its last Rehearsal, in their Habits, and all that, as it is to be Acted; and if You, and your Friend will do it but the Honour to see it in its Virgin Attire; though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be ashamed to discover its Nakedness unto you.-----I think it is in this Pocket. (Puts his Hand in his Pockets.)

*Johns.* Sir, I confess, I am not able to answer you in this new way: but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you; and I hope my Friend will do so too.

*Smith.* Sir, I have no Business so considerable, as should keep me from your Company.

*Bayes.* Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy: This is my Book of *Drama Common Places*? the Mother of many other Plays.

*Johns.* *Drama Common Places*! pray what's that?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, some certain Helps, that we Men of Art have found it convenient to make use of.

*Smith.* How, Sir, Helps for Wit!

*Bayes.* Ay, Sir, that's my Position. And I do here aver, That no Man yet the Sun e'er shone upon, has Parts sufficient to furnish out a Stage, except it were by the help of these my Rules.

*Johns.* What are those Rules, I pray?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, my first Rule is the Rule of Transversion, or *Regula Duplex*: changing Verse into Prose, or Prose into Verse, *alternative* as you please.

*Smith.* Well; but how is this done, by a Rule, Sir?

*Bayes.* Why, thus, Sir; nothing so easie when understood: I take a Book in my hand, either at Home or elsewhere, for that's all one; if there be any Wit in't, as there is no Book but has some, I Transverse it; that is, if it be Prose put it into Verse, (but that takes up some time) and if it be Verse put it into Prose.

*Johns.* Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting Verse into Prose should be call'd Transposing,

*Bayes.* By my troth, Sir, 'tis a very good Notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

*Smith.* Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

*Bayes.*

## The Rehearsal.

Bayes. Make it my own. 'Tis so chang'd, that no Man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Record, by way of Table-Book. Pray observe.

Johns. We hear you, Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus. I come into a Coffee-house, or some other place where witty Men resort: I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop I flap it down, and make that too, my own.

Johns. But, Mr. Bayes, Are you not sometimes in danger of making you restore, by Force, what you have gotten thus by Art?

Bayes. No, Sir; the World's unmindful: They never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for Invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir; that's my third Rule that I have here in my Pocket.

Smith. What Rule can that be, I wonder?

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other Men do; but presently turn over this Book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Perseus*, *Montaigne*, *Seneca's Tragedies*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Claudian*, *Pliny*, *Plutarch's Lives*, and the rest, have ever thought upon this Subject: And so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

Johns. In'deed, Mr. Bayes, this is, as sure, and compendious a way of Wit, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sirs, if you make the least scruple of the Efficacy of these my Rules, do but come to the Play-house, and you shall judge of 'em by the Effects.

Smith. We'll follow you, Sir.

*Exeunt.*  
Enter

Enter three Players upon the Stage.

1 Play. Have you your Part perfect?

2 Play. Yes, I have it without Book; but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3 Play. And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my Life what Humour I'm to be in: whether Angry, Melancholy, Merry, or in Love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 Play. Phoo! the Author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the New way of writing; and these hard things please forty times better than the Old, Plain way. For, look you, Sir, the grand design upon the Stage is to keep the Auditors in suspence; for to guess presently at the Plot, and the Sense, tires 'em before the end of the first Act: Now, here, every Line surprizes you, and brings in new Matter. And, then, for Scenes, Cloaths, and Dances, we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us: And those are the things, you know, that are Essential to a Play.

2 Play. Well, I am not of thy mind; but, so it gets us Money, 'tis no great matter.

Enter Bayes, Johnson and Smith.

Bayes. Come, come in Gentlemen. Y're very welcome. Mr.----a----Ha' you your Part ready?

1 Play. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. But do you understand the true Humour of it?

1 Play. Ay, Sir, pretty well.

Bayes. And *Amaryllis*, how does she do? Does not her Armour become her?

3 Play. O, admirably!

Bayes. I'll tell you, now, a pretty Conceipt. What do you think I'll make 'em call her anon, in this Play?

Smith.

Smith. What, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I make 'em call her *Armallys*, because of her Armour : ha, ha, ha.

Johns. That will be very well, indeed.

Bayes. Ay, it's a pretty little Rogue ; I knew her Face would set off Armour extreamly : and, to tell you true, I writ that Part only for her. You must know she is my Mistress.

Johns. Then, I know another thing, little Bayes, that thou hast had her, I'gad.

Bayes. No, I'gad, not yet ; but I'm sure I shall : for I have talk'd Baudy to her already.

Johns. Hast thou, faith ? Prithee how was that ?

Bayes. Why, Sir, there is, in the French Tongue, a certain Criticism, which, by the Variation of the Masculine Adjective instead of the Feminine, makes a quite different Signification of the word : As, for example, *Ma vie* is my Life ; but if, before *vie* you put *Mon* instead of *Ma*, you make it Baudy.

Johns. Very true.

Bayes. Now, Sir, I having observ'd this, set a Trap for her, the other Day in the Tyring-Room ; for this said I, *Adieu bel Esperance de ma vie* ; (which I'gad is very pretty) to which she answer'd, I vow, almost as prettily, every jot ; for said she, *Songes a ma vie Monsieur* ; whereupon I presently snapt this upon her ; *Non, non, Madam --- Songes vous a mon*, by Gad, and nam'd the thing directly to her.

Smith. This is one of the richest Stories, Mr. Bayes, that ever I heard of.

Bayes. Ay, let me alone, I'gad, when I get to 'em ; I'll nick 'em I warrant you : But I'm a little nice ; for you must know, at this time, I am kept by another Woman, in the City.

Smith. How, kept ! for what ?

Bayes. Why, for a Beau Gerson ; I am, ifackins.

Smith.

*Smith.* Nay, then we shall never have done.

*Bayes.* And the Rogue is so fond of me, Mr. *Johnson*, that I vow to Gad, I know not what to do with my self.

*Johns.* Do with thy self! no; I wonder how thou canst make a shift to hold out, at this rate!

*Bayes.* O Devil, I can toil like a Horse; only, sometimes, it makes me Melancholy: And then I vow to Gad, for a whole day together, I am not able to say you one good thing if it were to save my Life.

*Smith.* That we do verily believe, Mr. *Bayes*.

*Bayes.* And that's the only thing, I'gad, which mads me, in my Amours; for I'll tell you, as a Friend, Mr. *Johnson*, my Acquaintances, I hear, begin to give it out that I am dull: now I am the farthest from it in the whole World, I'gad; but only forsooth, they think I am so, because I can say nothing.

*Johns.* Phoo, Pox! That's ill-natur'dly done of 'em.

*Bayes.* Ay, Gad, there's no trusting o'these Rogues; but--- a----Come, let's sit down. Look you, Sirs, the chief Hinge of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that causes the Variety of all the several Accidents, which, you know, are the things in Nature that make up the grand Refinement of a Play, is, that I suppose Two Kings to be of the same place: As for example, at *Brentford*; for I love to write familiarly. Now the People having the same Relations to 'em both, the same Affections, the same Duty, the same Obedience, and all that; are divided among themselves in point of Devoir and Interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em: These Kings differing sometimes in particular; though in

the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make my self well understood.)

*Johns.* I did not observe you, Sir: pray say that again.

*Bayes.* Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or else you'll never understand my Notion of the Thing) the People being embarrass'd by their equal Ties to both, and the Sovereigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own Interest, as the good of the People; may make a certain kind of a---- you understand me----upon which there does arise several Disputes, Turmoils, Heart-burnings, and all that----In fine, you'll apprehend it better when you see it.

(Exit, to the Players.

*Smith.* I find the Author will be very much oblig'd to the Players, if they can make any Sense out of this.

Enter Bayes.

*Bayes.* Now, Gentlemen, I would fain ask your Opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both serve for either: (that is, the Prologue for the Epilogue, or the Epilogue for the Prologue): (do you mark?) nay, they may both serve too, I'gad, for any other Play as well as this.

*Smith.* Very well, That's indeed Artificial.

*Bayes.* And I would fain ask your Judgments, now, which of them would do best for the Prologue? For, you must know there is, in Nature, but two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by Civility, by Insinuation, good Language, and all that, to----a---- in a manner, steal your Plaudit from the Courtesie of the Auditors: the other, by making use of some Personal things, which may keep a hank upon such Censuring Persons,

sons, as cannot otherways, Pgad, in Nature, be hindred from being too free with their Tongues. To which end, my first Prologue is, that I come out in a long black Veil, and a great Huge Hangman behind me, with a Furr'd-cap, and his Sword drawn; and there tell 'em plainly, That if, out of good Nature, they will not like my Play, I'gad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my Head off. Whereupon they all clapping---a---

*Smith.* Ay, But suppose they don't?

*Bayes.* Suppose? Sir, you may suppose what you please, I have nothing to do with your Suppose, Sir; nor am not at all mortif'd at it; not at all, Sir; I'gad, not one jot, Sir. Suppose quoth a---ha, ha, ha.

*(Walks away.)*

*Johns.* Phoo! prithee *Bayes*, don't mind what he says: he is a Fellow newly come out of the Country; he knows nothing of what's the Relish, here, of the Town.

*Bayes.* If I writ, Sir, to please the Country, I should have follow'd the Old, Plain way; but I write for some Persons of Quality, and peculiar Friends of mine, that understand what Flame and Power in writing is: and they do me right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

*Johns.* Ay, ay, they will clap I warrant you; never fear it.

*Bayes.* I'm sure the Design's good: that cannot be deny'd. And then, for Language, Pgad, I defie 'em all, in Nature, to mend it. Besides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred Sheets of Paper, to insinuate the Plot into the Boxes: and withal, have appointed two or three Dozen of my Friends, to be ready in the Pit, who, I'm sure, will clap, and so the rest, you know, must follow; and then, *pray*,

pray, Sir, what becomes of your Suppose? ha, ha, ha.

*Johns.* Nay, if the Business be so well laid, it cannot miss.

*Bayes.* I think so, Sir: and therefore would chuse this to be the Prologue. For if I could engage 'em to clap, before they see the Play, you know 'twould be so much the better; because then they were engag'd: for let a Man write never so well, there are, now-a days, a sort of Persons, they call Critiques, that, I'gad, have no more Wit in them than so many Hobby-horses; but they'll Laugh you, Sir, and find Fault, and censure things, that, I'gad, I'm sure, they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious Persons, that emulate the Glories of Persons of Parts, and think to build their Fame, by calumniating of Persons, that, I'gad, to my Knowledge, of all Persons in the World are, in Nature, the Persons that do as much despise all that---a---In fine, I'll say no more of 'em.

*Johns.* Nay, you have said enough of 'em, in all Conscience: I'm sure, more than they'll e'er be able to answer.

*Bayes.* Why I'll tell you, Sir, sincerely, and *bona fide*; were it not for the sake of some ingenious Persons, and choice Female Spirits, that have a Value for me, I would see 'em all hang'd, I'gad, before I would e'er more set Pen to Paper; but let 'em live in Ignorance like Ingrates.

*Johns.* I marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed: and if I were in your place, now, I would do so.

*Bayes.* No, Sir; there are certain Tyes upon me, that I cannot be disingag'd from; otherwise, I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my Hangman?

*Smith.*

*Smith.* By my troth, Sir; I should like him very well.

*Bayes.* But how do you like it, Sir? (for, I see, you can judge) Would you have it for the Prologue, or the Epilogue?

*Johns.* Faith, Sir, 'tis so good, let it e'en serve for both.

*Bayes.* No, no; that won't do. Besides I have made another.

*Johns.* What other, Sir?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

*Johns.* That's Greater: I'd rather stick to that.

*Bayes.* Do you think so? I'll tell you then; tho' there have been many witty Prologues written of late, yet, I think, you'll say this is a *non pareillo*: I'm sure no Body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be a Dialogue? and as, in my first, you see I strive to oblige the Auditors by Civility, by good Nature, good Language, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *in Terrorem*, I chuse for the Persons *Thunder* and *Lightning*. Do you apprehend the Conceit?

*Johns.* Phoo, Pox! then you have it Cock-sure. They'll be hang'd before they'll dare to affront an Author, that has 'em at that Lock.

*Bayes.* I have made, too, one of the most delicate, dainty *Similes* in the whole World, I gad, if I knew but how to apply it.

*Smith.* Let's hear it, I pray you.

*Bayes.* 'Tis an Allusion to Love.

So Boar and Sow, when any Storm is nigh,  
Snuff up, and smell it gathering in the Sky;  
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Chestnut Groves,  
And there consummate their unfinish'd Loves:

Pensive in Mud they wallow all alone,  
And snore, and gruntle to each others Moan.  
How do you like it how, ha?

*Johns.* Faish, 'tis extraordinary fine: and very applicable to *Thunder* and *Lightning*, methinks, because it speaks of a *Storm*.

*Bayes.* I'gad, and so it does, now I think on't: *Mr. Johnson* I thank you; and I'll put it in, profecto. Come out *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

Enter *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

*Thun.* I am the bold *Thunder*.

*Bayes.* Mr. *Cartwright*, prithee speak that a little louder, and with a hoarse Voice. I am the bold *Thunder*! Pshaw! speak it me in a Voice that *Thunders* it out indeed: I am the bold *Thunder*.

*Thun.* I am the bold *Thunder*.

*Light.* The brisk *Lightning*, I.

*Bayes.* Nay, you must be quick and nimble, The brisk *Lightning*, I. That's my meaning.

*Thun.* I am the bravest *Hector* of the Sky:

*Light.* And I fair *Helen*, that made *Hector* die,

*Thun.* I strike Men down.

*Light.* I fire the Town.

*Thun.* Let the Criticks take heed how they grumble. For then begin I for to rumble.

*Light.* Let the Ladies allow us their Graces, Or I'll blast all the Paint on their Faces, And dry up their Peter to Soot.

*Thun.* Let the Criticks look to't.

*Light.* Let the Ladies look to't.

*Thun.* For *Thunder* will do't.

*Light.* For *Lightning* will shoot.

*Thun.* I'll give you Dash for Dash.

*Light.* I'll give Flash for Flash.

Gallants, I'll singe your Feather.

*Thun.* I'll *Thunder* you together.

*Both.*

Borb. Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, we'll do't :  
look to't, we'll do't. (Twice or thrice repeated.)

(Exeunt Ambo.

Bayes. There's no more. 'Tis but a Flash of a Prologue: a Droll.

Smith. Yes, 'Tis short indeed; but very Terrible.

Bayes. Ay, when the Similes in, it will do to a Miracle, I gad, Come, come begin the Play.

Enter first Player.

1. Play. Sir, Mr. Ivory is not come yet; but he'll be here presently, he's but two Doors off.

Bayes. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and take a Pipe of Tobacco. (Exeunt.)

The End of the First ACT.

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

Bayes, Johnson, and Smith.

Bayes. NOW, Sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, instead of beginning with a Scene that discovers something of the Plot, I begin this Play with a Whisper.

Smith. Umph! very new, indeed.

Bayes. Come, take your Seats. Begin, Sirs.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Phys. Sir, by your Habit, I should guess you to be the Gentleman-Usher of this sumptuous place.

Ush. And by your Gait and Fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the Healths of both our noble Kings, under the Notion of Physician.

Phys. You hit my Function right.

Ush. And you, mine.

Phys.

Phys. Then let's embrace.

Ush. Come.

Phys. Come.

Johns. Pray, Sir, who are those so very civil Persons?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Usher, and Physician of the two Kings of Brentford.

Johns. But, pray then, how comes it to pass, that they know one another no better?

Bayes. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the Plot?

Johns. Very well.

Phys. Sir, to conclude.

Smith. What, before he begins?

Bayes. No, Sir; you must know, they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smith. Where, in the Tyring-room?

Bayes. Why ay, Sir. He's so dull! Come, speak again.

Phys. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has more than amply exacted the Talents of a wary Pilot, and all these threatening Storms, which, like impregnate Clouds, hover o'er our Heads, will (when they once are grasp'd but by the Eye of Reason) melt into fruitful Showers of Blessings on the People.

Bayes. Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

Johns. Yes; that grasping of a Storm, with the Eye, is admirable.

Phys. But yet some Rumours great are stirring; and if Lorenzo should prove false, (which none but the great Gods can tell) you then perhaps would find that-----

(Whispers.)

Bayes. Now he whispers.

Ush. Alone, do you say?

Phys. No; attended with the Noble--- (Whispers.)

Bayes.

Bayes. Again.

Ush. Who, he in grey?

Phys. Yes; and at the Head of---- (Whispers.

Bayes. Pray mark.

Ush. Then, Sir, most certain, 'twill in time appear.

These are the Reasons that have mov'd him to't;

First, He----

(Whispers.

Bayes. Now the other whispers.

Ush. Secondly, They----

(Whispers.

Bayes. At it still.

Ush. Thirdly, and lastly, both He, and They----

(Whispers.

Bayes. Now they both whisper. (Exeunt Whispering.) Now, Gentlemen; pray tell me true, and without Flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a Play?

Johns. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the same place?

Bayes. Why, because it's New; and that's it I aim at. I despise your Johnson, and Beaumont, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own Fancy, I.

Smith. But what think you, Sir, of Sir John Suckling?

Bayes. By Gad, I am a better Poet than he.

Smith. Well, Sir, but pray why all this Whispering?

Bayes. Why, Sir, (besides that it is New, as I told you before) because they are suppos'd to be Politicians; and Matters of State ought not to be divulg'd.

Smith. But then, Sir, why----

Bayes. Sir, if you'll but respire your Curiosity till the end of the Fifth Act, you'll find it a piece of Patience not ill recompenc'd. (Goes to the Door.

Johns.

Johns. How dost thou like this, *Frank*? Is it not just as I told thee?

Smith. Why, I did never, before this, see any thing in Nature, and all that, (as Mr. *Bayes* says) so Foolish, but I could give some guess at what mov'd the Fop to do it; but this, I confess, does go beyond my reach.

Johns. It is all alike: Mr. *Wintershol* has inform'd me of this Play already. And I'll tell thee, *Frank*, thou shalt not see one Scene here worth one Farthing, or like any thing thou canst imagine has ever been the Practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good Language, it is, as I told thee, very Fantastical, most abominably Dull, and not one word to the purpose.

Smith. It does surprize me, I'm sure, very much.

Johns. Ay, but it won't do so long: by that time thou hast seen a Play or two, that I'll shew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of Foppery.

Smith. Pox on't, but there's no Pleasure in him: he's too gross a Fool to be Laugh'd at.

Enter *Bayes*.

Johns. I'll swear, Mr. *Bayes*, you have done this Scene most admirably: tho', I must tell you, Sir; it is a very difficult matter to pen a Whisper well.

*Bayes*. Ay, Gentlemen, when you come to write your selves, O' my word, you'll find it so.

Johns. Have a care of what you say, Mr. *Bayes*; or Mr. *Smith* there, I assure you, has Written a to be great many fine things already.

*Bayes*. Has he, ifackins? Why then pray, Sir, how do you do when you write?

Smith. Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in piece pretty good Health.

*Bayes.* Ay, but I mean, what do you do, when you write?

*Smith.* I take Pen, Ink, and Paper, and sit down.

*Bayes.* Now, I write standing; that's one thing: and then, another thing is, with what do you prepare your self?

*Smith.* Prepare my self! what, the Devil, does the Fool mean?

*Bayes.* Why, I'll tell you, now, what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as Sonnets to *Armida*, and the like, I make use of strew'd Prunes only; but, when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take Physick, and let Blood: for when you would have pure Swiftnes of Thought, and Fiery Flights of Fancy, you must have a care of the penitive part. In fine, you must purge the Belly.

*Smith.* By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable Receipt for Writing.

*Bayes.* Ay, 'tis my Secret; and, in good earnest, I think, one of the best I have.

*Smith.* In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

*Bayes.* My be, Sir? I'gad, I'm sure on't: *Ex perto crede Roberto*. But I must give you this Cau-  
tion by the way, be sure you never take Snuff, when you write.

*Smith.* Why so, Sir?

*Bayes.* Why, it spoil'd me once, I'gad, one o' the Sparkishest Plays in all England. But a Friend of mine, at *Gresham College*, has promis'd to help me to some Spirit of Brains, and, I'gad, that shall do my Busines.

S C E N E II.

*Enter the Two Kings, Hand in Hand.*

Bayes. Oh, These now are the two Kings of  
Brentford; take notice of their Stile: 'twas never  
yet upon the Stage; but, if you do like it, I could  
make a shift, perhaps, to shew you a whole Play,  
writ all just so.

1 King. Did you observe their Whisper, Brother  
King?

2 King. I did; and heard, besides, a grave Bird  
That they intend, Sweet-heart, to play us Pranks.

Bayes. This is now, familiar, because they are  
both Persons of the same Quality.

Smith. 'Sdeath, this would make a Man spew.

1 King. If that Design appears,  
I'll lug 'em by the Ears  
Until I make 'em crack.

2 King. And so will I, i'fack.

1 King. You must begin, *Mon foy.*

2 King. Sweet Sir, *Pardonnes moy.*

Bayes. Mark that: I make 'em both speak *French*,  
shew their Breeding.

Johns. O, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2 King. Then spite of Fate, we'll thus combined  
stand;

And, like true Brothers, walk still Hand  
in Hand. *(Exeunt Reges.*

Johns. This is a very Majestick Scene indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a Crust, a lasting Crust for your  
ogue Criticks, I'gad: I would fain see the prou-  
it of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I'gad, if

if they do, this I shall rub their Gums for 'em, I promise you. It was I, you must know, that have written a whole Play just in this very same Stile; but 'twas never Acted yet.

*Johns.* How so?

*Bayes.* I gad, I can hardly tell you for laughing; (ha, ha, ha.) it is so pleasant a Story: ha, ha, ha.

*Smith.* What is't?

*Bayes.* I gad, the Players refus'd to Act it, Ha, ha, ha.

*Smith.* That's impossible!

*Bayes.* I gad they did it, Sir, point blank refus'd it, I gad, Ha, ha, ha.

*Johns.* Fie, that was rude.

*Bayes.* Rude! Ay, I gad, they are the Rudest Uncivilest Persons, and all that, in the whole World, I gad: I gad, there's no living with 'em I have written, Mr. Johnson, I do verily believe, a whole Cart Load of things, every whit as good as this; and yet, I vow to Gad, these insolent Rascals have turn'd 'em all back upon my hand again.

*Johns.* Strange Fellows indeed!

*Smith.* But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, how came these two Kings to know of this Whisper? for, as I remember, they were not present at it.

*Bayes.* No, but that's the Actors Fault, and no mine; for the two Kings should (a pox take 'em) have pop'd both their Heads in at the Door, just as the other went off.

*Smith.* That, indeed, would ha' done it.

*Bayes.* Done it! Ay, I gad, these Fellows are able to spoil the best things in Christendom. I'll tell you Mr. Johnson, I vow to Gad I have been so highly disoblig'd by the Preemproriness of these Fellows that I'm resolv'd hereafter, to bend my Thought wholly

wholly for the service of the Nursery, and mump  
your proud Players, I'gad. So ; now Prince Pret-  
tyman comes in, and falls asleep, making Love to  
his Mistress, which, you know, was a grand In-  
trigue in a late Play, written by a very honest  
Gentleman : a Knight.

SCENE III.

Enter Prince Prettyman.

Prer. How strange a Captive am I grown of  
late !

Shall I accuse my Love, or blame my Fate ?  
My Love, I cannot ; that is too Divine :  
And, against Fate what Mortal dares repine ?

Enter Cloris.

But here she comes.

Sure 'tis some Comet, is it not ? (Lies down.)

Bayes. Blazing Comet ! mark that ; I'gad, very  
fine !

Prer. But I am so surpriz'd with Sleep, I cannot  
speak the rest. (Sleeps.)

Bayes. Does not that, now, surprize you, to fall  
asleep in the nick ? His Spirits exhale with the  
Heat of Passion, and all that, and swop falls asleep,  
as you see. Now here she must make a *Simile*.

Smith. Where's the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes ?

Bayes. Because she's surpriz'd. That's a general  
Rule, you must ever make a *Simile*, when you are  
surpriz'd ; 'tis the New way of Writing.

Chrr. As some tall Pine, which we, on *Aetna*, find  
I have stood the Rage of many a boist'rous Wind,  
you feeling without, that Flames within do play,  
ighly Which would consume his Root and Sap away ;  
How He spreads his woorsted Arms unto the Skies,  
ugh Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies : and

So, shrowded up, your bright Eye disappears.  
Break forth, bright scorching Sun, and dry my  
Tears.

(Exit.

Johns. Mr. Bayes, methinks, this simile wants a little Application too.

Bayes. No, faith; for it alludes to Passion, to Consuming, to Dying, and all that; which, you know, are the Natural Effects of an Amour. But I'm afraid, this Scene has made you sad; for I must confess, when I writ it, I wept my self.

Smith. No, truly, Sir, my Spirits are almost exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall asleep.

Prince Prettyman starts up and says---

Pret. It is resolv'd. (Exit.

Bayes. That's all.

Smith. Mr. Bayes, may one be so bold as to ask you a Question, now, and you not be angry?

Bayes. O Lord! Sir, you may ask me any thing what you please; I vow to Gad, you do me a great deal of Honour: you do not know me, if you say that, Sir.

Smith. Then, pray, Sir, what is it that this Prince here has resolv'd in his sleep?

Bayes. Why, I must confess, that Question is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this New way of Writing. But you must know Sir, that, to out-do all my Fellow-Writers, where as they keep their Intrigo secret, till the very last Scene before the Dance; I now, Sir, (do you mark me) ---a---

Smith. Begin the Play, and end it, without ever opening the Plot at all?

Bayes. I do so, that's the very plain troth on't ha, ha, ha; I do, I gad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let 'em alone for Bayes, I warrant you. But here, now, is a Scene of Business: pra

observ

observe it; for I dare say you'll think it no unwise Discourse this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Discourse I over-heard once betwixt two Grand, Sober, Governing Persons.

SCENE IV.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Ush. Come, Sir; let's state the matter of Fact, and lay our Heads together.

Phys. Right: lay our Heads together. I love to be merry sometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my Head close to it, with a Snuff-box in my hand, and then I segue it away, i'faith.

Bayes. I do just so, I'gad, always.

Ush. The grand Question is, Whether they heard us whisper? which I divide thus.

Phys. Yes, it must be divided so indeed.

Smith. That's very Complaisant, I swear, Mr. Bayes, to be of another Man's Opinion, before he knows what it is.

Bayes. Nay, I bring in none, here, but well-bred Persons, I assure you.

Ush. I divided the Question into, When they heard, What they heard, and Whether they heard or no.

Johns. Most admirably divided, I swear!

Ush. As to the When; you say, just now: So that is answer'd. Then, as for What; why, what answers it self: for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last Question, *Videlicet*, Whether they heard or no?

Smith. This is a very wise Scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Ay, you have it right: they are both politicians.

Ush. Pray, then, to proceed in Method, let me ask you that Question.

Phys. No, you'll answer better, pray let me ask it you.

Ush. Your Will must be a Law.

Phys. Come then, what is it I must ask?

Smith. This Politician, I perceive, Mr. Bayes, has somewhat a short Memory.

Bayes. Why, sir, you must know, that t'other is the main Politician, and this is but his Pupil.

Ush. You must ask me, Whether they heard us whisper.

Phys. Well, I do so.

Ush. Say it then.

Smith. Hey day! here's the bravest work that ever I saw.

Johns. This is mighty methodical!

Bayes. Ay, sir; that's the way: 'tis the way of Art; there is no other way, I'gad, in Business.

Phys. Did they hear us whisper?

Ush. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be said upon the word Whisper: to whisper, in Latin is *susurrare*, which is as much as to say, to speak softly; now, if they heard us speak softly, they heard us whisper: but then comes in the *Quomodo*, the how; how did they hear us whisper? Why, as that, to there are two ways: the one by Chance or Accident, the other on purpose; that is, with Design to hear us whisper.

Phys. Nay, if they heard us that Way, I'll never give 'em Physick more.

Ush. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before 'em.

Bayes. Pray mark this; for a great deal depends upon it, towards the latter end of the Play.

Smith. I suppose, that's the Reason why you brought in this Scene, Mr. Bayes?

Bayer

*Bayes.* Partly, it was, sir; but, I confess, I was not unwilling, besides, to shew the World a pattern, here, how Men should talk of Business.

*Johns.* You have done it exceeding well, indeed.

*Bayes.* Yes; I think, this will do.

*Phys.* Well, if they heard us whisper, they'll turn us out, and no body else will take us.

*Smith.* Not for Politicians. I dare answer for it.

*Phys.* Let's then no more our selves in vain be-moan:

We are not safe until we them Unthrone.

*Ush.* 'Tis right:

And since occasion now seems debonair,

I'll seize on this, and you shall take that Chair.

(They draw their Swords, and sit down in the two great Chairs upon the Stage.

*Bayes.* There's now an odd Surprize; the whole State's turn'd quite topsy-turvy, without any po-ther or stir in the whole World, I'gad.

*Johns.* A very silent Change of Government, truly, as ever I heard of.

*Bayes.* It is so. And yet you shall see me bring 'em in again by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

(The Usurpers march out flourishing their Swords.

Enter Shirly.

*Shirly.* Hey ho, hey ho: what a Change is here! Hey-day, hey-day! I know not what to do, nor what to say. (Exit.

*Johns.* Mr. *Bayes*, in my Opinion, now, that Gentleman might have said a little more, upon this occasion.

*Bayes.* No, sir, not at all; for I under-writ his Part, on purpose to set off the rest.

*Johns.* Cry you mercy, Sir.

*Smith.* But, pray, Sir, how came they to Depose the Kings so easily?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, you must know, they long had a design to do it before ; but never could put it in practice till now : and, to tell you true, that's one Reason why I made 'em whisper so at first.

*Smith.* O, very well : now I'm fully satisf'd.

*Bayes.* And then to shew you, Sir, it was not done so very easily neither ; in this next Scene you shall see some fighting.

*Smith.* O, ho : so then you make the struggle to be, after the Busines is done ?

*Bayes.* Ay.

*Smith.* O, I conceive you : that, I swear, is very natural.

## SCENE V.

Enter four Men at one Door, and four at another, with their Swords drawn.

1 *Soldier.* Stand : Who goes there ?

2 *Sold.* A Friend.

1 *Sold.* What Friend ?

2 *Sold.* A Friend to the House.

2 *Sold.* Fall on. (They all kill one another. Musick strikes.

*Bayes.* Hold, hold. (To the Musick. It ceaseth.) Now here's an odd Surprize : all these dead Men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain Note that I have made, in *Effaut flat*, and fall a Dancing. Do you hear, dead Men ? remember your Note in *Effaut flat*. Play on. (To the Musick. The Musick play his Note, and the dead Men rise ; but cannot get in order.) Now, now, now, O Lord, O Lord ! Out, out, out ! Did ever Men spoil a good thing so ! no Figure, no Ear, no Time, no Thing ? Uldzookers, you dance worse than the Angels in *Harry the Eight*, or the fat Spirits in the *Tempest*, I'gad.

1 *Sold.* Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time, to this Tune.

*Bayes.*

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! impossible? why Gentlemen, if there be any Faith in a Person that's a Christian, I sat up two whole Nights in composing this Air, and apting it for the Busines: for, if you observe, there are two several Designs in this Tune; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time, and time; you shall see me do't. Look you now. Here I am dead. (*Lies down flat upon his Face.*) Now mark my Note *Effant flat.* Strike up Musick. Now. (*As he rises up hastily, he falls down again.*) Ah, Gadsookers, I have broke my Nose.

Johns. By my troth, Mr. Bayes, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in *Effant.*

Bayes. A plague of this damn'd Stage, with your Nails, and your Tenter-hooks, that a Gentleman cannot come to teach you to Act, but he must break his Nose, and his Face, and the Devil and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown Paper?

Smith. No indeed, Sir; I don't usually carry any about me.

2 Sol. Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

Bayes. Go, go then; I'll follow you. Pray dance out the Dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember you dance like Horsemen. (*Exit Bayes.*

Smith. Like Horsemen! what, a Plague, can that be? (*They dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.*

1 Sol. A Devil! let's try this no longer: play my Dance that Mr. Bayes found fault with so.

(*Dance & Exeunt.*)

Smith. What can this Fool be doing all this while about his Nose?

Johns. Prithee let's go see.

(*Exeunt.*)

The End of the Second ACT.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Bayes with a Paper on his Nose, and the two Gentlemen.*

*Bayes.* NOW, Sirs, this I do, because my Fancy, in this Play, is to end every Act with a Dance.

*Smith.* Faith, that Fancy is very good, but I should hardly have broke my Nose for it, tho'

*Johns.* That Fancy, I suppose, is new too.

*Bayes.* Sir, all my Fancies are so, I tread upon no Man's heels: but make my flight upon my own Wings, I assure you. Now, here comes a Scene of sheer Wit, without any Mixture in the whole World, I'gad, between Prince Prettyman and his Taylor: it might properly enough be call'd a Prize of Wit; for you shall see 'em come in upon one another Snip snap, Hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'others upon him, Slap, with a Repartee; then he at him again, Dash with a new Concept: and so eternally, eternally, I'gad, till they go quite off the Stage.

(Goes to call the Players.

*Smith.* What a Plague does this Fop mean by his Snip snap, Hit for hit, and Dash?

*Johns.* Mean! why, he never meant any thing in's Life: what dost talk of meaning for?

Enter Bayes.

*Bayes.* Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince Prettyman and Tom Thimble. This Scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well Acted; for 'tis as full of Drollery as ever it can hold: 'tis like an Orange stuff'd with Cloves, as for Conceit.

Pret.

Pret. But prithee, Tom Thimble, why wilt thou needs Marry? If nine Taylors make but one Man, and one Woman cannot be satisfied with nine Men: what work art thou cutting out here for thy self, trow?

Bayes. Good!

Thim. Why, an't please your Highness, if I can't make up all the Work I cut out, I shan't want Journey men enough to help me, I warrant you.

Bayes. Good again!

Pret. I am afraid thy Journey-men, tho', Tom, won't work by the Day, but by the Night.

Bayes. Good still!

Thim. However, if my Wife sits but cross leg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half so much as when I trusted you, Sir, for your Coronation Suite.

Bayes. Very good, i'faith!

Pret. Why, the Times then liv'd upon Trust; it was the Fashion. You would not be out of time, at such a time as that, sure: a Taylor, you know, must never be out of Fashion.

Bayes. Right!

Thim. I'm sure, Sir, I made your Cloaths in the Court Fashion, for you never paid me yet.

Bayes. There's a Bob for the Court!

Pret. Why, Tom, thou art a sharp Rogue when thou art angry, I see: thou pay'st me now, methinks.

Bayes. There's Pay upon Pay! as good as ever was written, I gad!

Thim. Ay, Sir, in your own Coin: you give me nothing but words.

Bayes. Admirable, before Gad!

Pret. Well, Tom, I hope shortly I shall have another Coin for thee; for now the Wars are coming on, I shall grow to be a Man of Metal.

Bayes. O, you did not that half enough.

Johns. Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes. Ay, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: he does not top his Part.

Thim. That's the way to be stamp'd your self, Sir. I shall see you come home like an Angel for the King's-Evil, with a hole bor'd through you.

(Exeunt.

Bayes. Ha, there he has it up to the Hilts, I gad! How do you like it now, Gentlemen? Is not this pure Wit?

Smith. 'Tis Snip, snap, Sir, as you say; but, methinks not Pleasant, nor to the Purpose, for the Play does not go on.

Bayes. Play does not go on! I don't know what you mean: why, is not this part of the Play?

Smith. Yes, but the Plot stands still.

Bayes. Plot stand still! why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

Smith. O, I did not know that before.

Bayes. No, I think you did not not: nor many things more that I am Master of. Now, Sir, I gad, this is the Bane of all us Writers: let us soar but never so little above the common pitch, I gad, all's spoil'd; for the vulgar never under understand it, they can never conceive you, Sir, the Excellency of these things.

Johns. 'Tis a sad Fate, I must confess: but you write on still, for all tha?

Bayes. Write on? Ay, I gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their Talk shall stop me: if they catch me at that Lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things are good, what care I, what they say? What, are they gone, without singing my last new Song? 'Sbud, would it were in their Bellies. I'll tell you, Mr. Johnson, if I have any

any Skill in these Matters, I vow to God, this Song is peremptorily the very best that ever yet was written: you must know, it was made by *Tom Thimble's* first Wife after she was dead.

*Smith.* How, Sir! after she was dead?

*Bayes.* Ay, Sir, after she was dead. Why, what have you to say to that?

*Johns.* Say, why, nothing: he were a Devil that had any thing to say to that!

*Bayes.* Right!

*Smith.* How did she come to die, pray Sir?

*Bayes.* Phoo! that's no matter; by a Fall: but here's the Conceit, that upon his knowing she was kill'd by an Accident, he supposes, with a Sigh, that she dy'd for Love of him.

*Johns.* Ay, ay, that's well enough: let's hear it, Mr. *Bayes*.

*Bayes.* 'Tis to the Tune of *Fair Armida*, On Seas and in Battels, in Bullets, and all that.

### S O N G.

In Swords, Pikes, and Bullets, 'tis safer to be,  
Than in a strong Castle, remo'd from thee;  
My Death's-bruise pray think you gave me, tho' a Fall  
Did give it me more, from the top of a Wall;  
For then if the Moat on her Mud would first lay,  
And after before you my Body convey:  
The Blue on my Breast when you happen to see,  
You'll say, with a Sigh, there's a True Blue for me.

Hi, Rogues! when I am merry, I write these things as fast as hops, I'gad; for you must know I am as pleasant a Debauchee, as ever you saw: I am i' faith.

*Smith.* But Mr. *Bayes*, how comes this Song in here? for, methinks, there is no great occasion for it.

*Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Alack, Sir, you know nothing: you must ever interlard your Plays with Songs, Ghosts, and Dances, if you mean to----a----

*Johns.* Pit, Box, and Gallery, Mr. *Bayes*.

*Bayes.* I'gad, and you have nick'd it: Hark you, Mr. *Johnson*, you know I don't flatter, a Gad, you have a great deal of Wit.

*Johns.* O Lord, Sir, you do me too much Honour!

*Bayes.* Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. *Johnson*, I'faith this must not be said, amongst us that have it. I know you have Wit by the Judgment you make of this Play; for that's the Measure I go by: my Play is my Touchstone. When a Man tells me such a one is a Person of Parts; is he so, say I? what do I do, but bring him presently to see this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble Servant, Sir, I'll no more of him upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, I'gad. Now here we go on to our Business.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter the Two Usurers, hand in hand.*

*Ush.* But what's become of *Volscius* the great, His Presence has not grac'd our Courts of late?

*Pbyf.* I fear some Ill, from Emulation sprung, Has from us that Illustrious *Hero* wrung.

*Bayes.* Is not that Majestical?

*Smith.* Yes, but who a Devil is that *Volscius*?

*Bayes.* Why, that's a Prince I make in-love with *Parthenope*.

*Smith.* I thank you, Sir.

*Enter Cordelio.*

*Cor.* My Lieges, News from *Volscius* the Prince.

*Ush.* His News is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.

*Smith.*

*Smith.* How, Sir, do you mean whether it be good or bad?

*Bayes.* Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: Godsookers, you'll spoil all the Play. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to answer every impertinent Question you ask.

*Smith.* Cry you Mercy, Sir.

*Bayes.* His Highness, Sirs, commanded me to tell you,

That the Fair Person whom you both do know,  
Despairing of Forgiveness for her Fault,  
In a deep Sorrow, twice she did attempt  
Upon her precious Life; but by the Care  
Of Standers-by prevented was.

*Smith.* Sheart, what Stuff's here!

*Cor.* At last

*Volscius* the Great this dire Resolve embrac'd:  
His Servants he into the Country sent,  
And he himself to *Peccadille* went,  
Where he's inform'd, by Letters, that she's dead.

*Ubb.* Dead! is that possible? Dead!

*Phys.* O ye Gods!

*{Exeunt.*

*Bayes.* There's a smart Expression of a Passion;  
O ye Gods! That's one of my bold Strokes, 'Igad.

*Smith.* Yes; but who is the Fair Person that's dead?

*Bayes.* That you shall know anon, Sir,

*Smith.* Nay, if we know it at all, 'tis well enough.

*Bayes.* Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this that she's not dead neither.

*Smith.* Marry, that's good News indeed: I am glad of that, with all my heart.

*Bayes.* Now here's the Man brought in that is suppos'd to have kill'd her. *(A great shout within.*

## SCENE III.

Enter Amáryllis with a Book in her hand, and Attendants.

Ama. What Shout Triumphant's that?

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Shy Maid, upon the River Brink, near Trip'nam Town, the false Assassinate is ta'en.

Ama. Thanks to the Powers above, for this Deliverance.

I hope its slow beginning will portend

A forward Exit to all future End.

Bayes. Pish, there you are out ; to all Future end ? No, no ; to all future End : you must lay the Accent upon End, or else you lose the Conceit.

Smith. I see you are very perfect in these Matters.

Bayes. Ay, Sir : I have been long enough at it, one would think, to know something.

Enter Soldiers dragging in an old Fisherman.

Ama. Villain, what Monster did corrupt thy Mind ?

To attack the noblest Soul of Humane kind ? Tell me who set thee on.

Fish. Prince Prettyman.

Ama. To kill whom ?

Fish. Prince Prettyman.

Ama. What, did Prince Prettyman hire you to kill Prince Prettyman ?

Fish. No : Prince Volscius.

Ama. To kill whom ?

Fish. Prince Volscius.

Ama. What did Prince Volscius hire you to kill Prince Volscius ?

Fish. No ; Prince Prettyman.

*Ana.* So drag him hence,  
Till Torture of the Raek produce his Sense.

(Exeunt.

*Bayes.* Mark how I make the Horroure of his  
Guilt confound his Intellects; for he's out at one  
and t'other: and that's the Design of this Scene.

*Smith.* I see, Sir, you have a several Design for  
every Scene.

*Bayes.* Ay, that's my way of Writing; and so,  
Sir, I can dispatch you a whole Play, before ano-  
ther Man, I'gad, can make an end of his Plot.

#### SCENE IV.

So now enter Prince Prettyman in a Rage. Where  
the Devil is he? Why Prettyman? why when, I  
say? O fie, fie, fie, fie! all's marr'd, I vow to  
Gad, quite marr'd.

Enter Prettyman.

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, Sir, now you  
may go out again, if you please. I vow to Gad,  
Mr.-----a---- I would not give a Button for my  
Play, now you have done this.

*Pret.* What, Sir?

*Bayes.* What Sir? 'Slife, Sir, you should have  
come out in Choler, rous upon the Stage, just as  
the other went off. Must a Man be eternally tel-  
ling you of these things?

*Johns.* Sure this must be some very notable Mat-  
ter that he's so angry at.

*Smith.* I am not of your Opinion.

*Bayes.* Pish, come let's hear your Part, Sir.

*Pret.* Bring in my Father; why d'ye keep him  
from me? Altho' a Fisherman, he is my Father.

Was ever Son yet brought to this Distress,

To be, for being a Son, made Fatherless?

Ah.

Ah, you just Gods, rob me not of a Father:  
The being of a Son take from rather. (Exit.

*Smith.* Well, Ned, what think you now?

*Johns.* A Devil, this is worst of all, Mr. *Bayes* ;  
pray what's the meaning of this Scene ?

*Bayes.* O, cry you Mercy, Sir : I protest I had  
forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you must know, that  
long before the beginning of this Play, this Prince  
was taken by a Fisherman.

*Smith.* How, Sir, taken Prisoner ?

*Bayes.* Taken Prisoner ! O Lord, what a Que-  
stion's there ! did ever any Man ask such a Que-  
stion ? God-lookers, he has put the Plot quite out of  
my head, with this damn'd Question. What was  
I going to say ?

*Johns.* Nay, the Lord knows : I cannot imagine.

*Bayes.* Stay, let me see ; taken : O 'tis true. Why,  
Sir, as I was going to say, his Highness here, the  
Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fisherman ; and  
brought up as his Child.

*Smith.* Indeed ?

*Bayes.* Nay, prithee hold thy Peace. And so,  
Sir, this Murder being committed by the River-  
side, the Fisherman, upon Suspicion, was seiz'd ;  
and thereupon the Prince grew angry.

*Smith.* So, so, now 'tis very plain.

*Johns.* But Mr. *Bayes*, is not this some Disparage-  
ment to a Prince, to pass for a Fisherman's Son ?  
Have a Care of that, I pray.

*Bayes.* No, no ; not at all ; for 'tis but for a  
while : I shall fetch him off again, presently, you  
shall see.

Enter Prettyman and Thimble.

*Pret.* By all the Gods I'll set the World on Fire,  
Rather than let 'em Ravish hence my Sire.

*Thim.*

Thim. Brave Prettyman is at length reveal'd,  
That he is not thy Sire who thee conceal'd,

Bayes. Lo you now: there he's off again.

Johns. Admirably done, i' aith!

Bayes. Ay, now the Plot thickens very much up-  
on us.

Pret. What Oracle this Darknes can evince?  
Sometimes a Fisher's Son, sometimes a Prince,  
It is a Secret, great as is the World;  
In which, I like the Soul, am toss'd and hurl'd.  
The blackest Ink of Fate, sure, was my Lot,  
And when she writ my Name, she made a Blot.

(Exit.

Bayes. There's a blust'ring Verse for you now!

Smith. Yes, Sir; but why is he is so mightily  
troubled to find he is not a Fisherman's Son?

Bayes. Phoo! that is not because he has a mind  
to be his Son, but for fear he should be thought to  
be no Bodies Son at at all.

Smith. Nay, that would trouble a Man, indeed.

Bayes. So let me see.

## SCENE V.

Reads, Enter Prince Volscius, going out of Town.

Smith. I thought he had been gone to Pecendille.

Bayes. Yes, he gave it out so; but that was only  
to cover his Design.

Johns. What Design?

Bayes. Why, to head the Army, that lies con-  
ceal'd for him in Knights-bridge.

Johns. I see here's a great deal of Plot, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break; but we shall  
have a world of more Busines anon.

Enter

Enter Prince Volscius, Cloris, Amaryllis, and Harry  
with a Riding Cloak and Boots.

Ama. Sir, you are Cruel, thus to leave the Town,  
And to retire to Country Solitude.

Clo. We hop'd this Summer that we should at  
least

Have held the Honour of your Company.

Bayes. Held the Honour of your Company! pret-  
tily exprest! Held the Honour of your Company!  
Godsookers, these Fellows will never take notice  
of any thing.

Johns. I assure you, Sir, I admire it extreamly:  
I don't know what he does.

Bayes. Ay, ay, he's a little envious; but 'tis no  
great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single Boon obtain,  
That you will here, with poor Us, still remain  
Before your Horses come pronounce our Fate,  
For then, alas! I fear, 'twill be too late.

Bayes. Sad! SO DICKEN IN HOW 1811

Vol. Harry, my Boots; for I'll go rage among  
My Blades encamp'd, and quit this Urban throng.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, is not this a little  
difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep  
any Army thus conceal'd in Knights-bridge.

Bayes. In Knights-bridge? stay.

Johns. No, not if the Inn keepers be his Friends.

Bayes. His Friends! Ay, Sir, his intimate Ac-  
quaintance; or else, indeed, I grant it could not be.

Smith. Yes, faith, so it might be very easie.

Bayes. Nay, If I do not make all things easie,  
I gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you  
would think that he is going out of Town; but  
you shall see how prettily I have contriv'd to stop  
him, presently.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, you have so amaz'd me,  
that I know not what to think.

Enter

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Enter Parthenope.

Volf. Bless me ! how frail are all my best Resolves !  
How, in a Moment, is my Purpose chang'd !  
Too soon I thought my self secure from Love.  
Fair, Madam, give me leave to ask her Name,  
Who does so gently rob me of my Fame ?  
For I should meet the Army out of Town,  
And, if I fail, must hazard my Renown.

Par. My Mother, Sir, sells Ale by the Town  
Walls,

And me, her dear Parthenope she calls.

Bayes. Now that's the Parthenope I told you of.

Johns. Ay, ay, I'gad you are very right.

Volf. Can vu'gar Vestments High-born Beauty  
shroud ?

Thou bring'st the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.

Bayes. The Morning pictur'd in a Cloud ! A,  
Godsookers, what a Conceit is there !

Par. Give you good Ev'n, Sir. (Exit.

Volf. O inauspicious Stars ! that I was born  
To sudden Love, and to more sudden Scorn !

Ama. How ! Prince Volscius in Love ? Ha, ha, ha.

Clor. (Exeunt laughing.

Smith. Sure, Mr. Bayes, we have lost some Jest  
here, that they laugh at so.

Bayes. Why, did you not observe ? He first re-  
solves to go out of Town, and then, as he is pul-  
ling on his Boots falls in Love with her, Ha, ha, ha.

Smith. Well ; and where lies the Jest of that ?

Bayes. Ha ? (Turns to Johnson.

Johns. Why ; in the Boots : where should the  
Jest lie ?

Bayes. I'gad you are in the right : it does (Turns  
to Smith) lie in the Boots----Your Friend, and I  
know where a good Jest lies, tho' you don't, Sir.

Smith. Much good do't you, Sir.

Bayes.

Bayes. Here, now, Mr. Johnson, you shall see a  
Combat between Love and Honour. An ancient  
Author has made a whole Play on't; but I have  
dispatch'd it all in this Scene.

Volscius sits down to pull on his Boots! Bayes stands by  
and over acts the Part as he speaks it.

Volf. How has my Passion made me Cupid's Scoff!  
This hasty Boot is on, the other off,  
And sullen lies with Amorous Design  
To quit loud Fame, and make that Beauty mine.

Smith. Prithee mark what pains Mr. Bayes takes  
to Act this Speech himself!

Johns. Yes, the Fool, I see, is mightily trans-  
ported with it.

Volf. My Legs, the Emblem of my various Thought,  
Shew to what sad Distraction I am brought.  
Sometimes, with stubborn Honour, like this Boot,  
My Mind is guarded, and resolv'd: to do't:  
Sometimes again, that very Mind, by Love  
Disarm'd, like this other Leg does prove,  
Shall I to Honour or to Love give way?  
Go on, cries Honour; tender Love says, nay:  
Honour, aloud, commands, pluck both Boots on;  
But softer Love does whisper, put on none.  
What shall I do? what Conduct shall I find  
To lead me through this Twilight of my Mind?  
For as bright Day with black approach of Night  
Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling Light;  
So does my Honour and my Love together  
Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

(Goes out hopping with one Boot on, and the other off.)  
Johns. By my troth, sir, this is as difficult a Com-  
bat as ever I saw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd  
on neither side.

Bayes. Ay, is't not now, I'gad, ha: For, to go  
off hip hop, hip hop, upon this Occasion, is a  
thousand

thousand times better than any Conclusion in the World, I'gad.

*Johns.* Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, that hip hop, in this place, as you say, does a very great deal.

*Bayes.* O, all in all Sir; they are these little things that mar, or set off a Play: as I remember once, in a Play of mine, I set off a Scene I'gad, beyond Expectation, only with a Petticoat, and the Belly-ake!

*Smith.* Pray, how was that, Sir?

*Bayes.* Why, sir, I contriv'd a Petticoat to be brought in upon a Chair, (no body knew how) into a Prince's Chamber, whose Father was not to see it, that came in by chance.

*Johns.* God's my life, that was a notable Contrivance indeed.

*Smith.* Ay but, Mr. *Bayes*, how could you contrive the Belly-ake?

*Bayes.* The easiest i'th' World, I'gad: I'll tell you how; I made the Prince sit down upon the Petticoat, no more than so, and pretended to his Father that he had just got the Belly-ake: Whereupon, his Father went out to call a Phylician, and his Man ran away with the Petticoat.

*Smith.* Well, and what follow'd upon that?

*Bayes.* Nothing, no Earthly thing, I vow to Gad.

*Johns.* O' my word, Mr. *Bayes*, there you hit it.

*Bayes.* Yes, It gave me a world of content. And then I paid 'em away besides, for I made 'em all talk Baudy; ha, ha, ha; beastly, downright Baudry upon the Stage, I'gad; ha, ha, ha, but with an infinite deal of Wit, that I must say.

*Johns.* That, we know well enough, can never fail you.

*Bayes.* No, I'gad, can't it. Come bring in the Dance.

(Exit to call 'em.

*Smith.*

Smith. Now, the Devil take thee for a silly, confident, unnatural, fulsome Rogue.

Enter Bayes and Players.

Bayes. Pray dance well, before these Gentlemen, you are commonly so lazy ; but you should be light and easie, tah, tah, tha.

(All the while they dance, Bayes puts 'em out with teaching 'em.

Well, Gentlemen, you'll see this Dance, if I am not deceiv'd, take very well upon the Stage, when they are perfect in their Motions, and all that.

Smith. I don't know how 'twill take, Sir ; but I am sure you sweat hard for't.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, it costs me more pains and trouble, to do these things, than almost the things are worth.

Smith. By my troth, I think so, Sir.

Bayes. Not for the things themselves, for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day ; but, I'gad these Players are such dull Persons, that if a Man be not by 'em upon every Point, and at every Turn I'gad, they'll mistake you, Sir, and spoil all.

Enter a Player.

What, is the Funeral ready ?

Play. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. And is the Lance fill'd with Wine ?

Play. Sir, 'tis just now a doing.

Bayes. Stay then, I'll do it my self.

Smith. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes. A Match. But, Mr. Johnson, I'gad, I am not like other Persons ; they care not what be comes of their things, so they can but get Money for 'em : Now, I'gad, when I write, if it be not just as it should be in every Circumstance, to every particular, I'gad ; I am no more able to endure it. I am not my self, I'm out of my Wits, and al-

that

that, I'm the strangest Person in the whole World.  
For what care I for Money? I write for Fame,  
and Reputation. *(Exeunt.)*

*The End of the Third ACT.*

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Bayes, and the two Gentlemen.

Bayes. Gentlemen, because I would not have any  
two things alike in this Play, the last  
Act beginning with a witty Scene of Mirth, I  
make this to begin with a Funeral.

Smith. And is that all your reason for it,  
Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. No, Sir; I have a Precedent for it besides,  
A Person of Honour, and a Scholar, brought in his  
Funeral just so: And he was one (let me tell you)  
that knew as well what belong'd to a Funeral, as  
any Man in England, I'gad.

Johns. Nay, if that be so, you are safe.

Bayes. I'gad, but I have another Device, a Fro-  
lick, which I think yet better than all this; not  
for the Plot or Characters, (for in my Heroic  
Plays I make no difference, as to those Matters )  
but for another Contrivance.

Smith. What is that, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I have design'd a Conquest, that  
cannot possibly, I'gad, be acted in less than a  
whole Week, and I'll speak a bold word, it shall  
drum, trumpet, shout, and battle, I'gad, with any  
the most Warlike Tragedy we have, either An-  
cient or Modern.

Johns. Ay, marry, Sir: there you say something.

Smith.

Smith. And pray, Sir, how have you order'd this same Frolick of yours?

Bayes. Faith, Sir, by the Rule of Romance. For Example: they divided their things into three, four, five, six, seven, eight, or as many Tomes as they please: now, I would very fain know what should hinder me, from doing the same with my things, if I please;

Johns. Nay, if you should not be Master of your own Works, 'tis very hard.

Bayes. That is my Sence. And then, Sir, this Contrivance of mine has something of the Reason of a Play in it too: for as every one makes you five Acts to one Play, what do me I, but make five Plays to one Plot: by which means the Auditors have every Day a new thing.

Johns. Most admirably good, i' faith! and must certainly take, because it is not tedious.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, I know that; there's the main Point. And then upon Saturday, to make a close of all, (for I ever begin upon a Monday) I make you, Sir, a sixth Play, that sums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they should have forgot it.

Johns. That Consideration, Mr. Bayes, indeed I think, will be very necessary.

Smith. And when comes in your share, pray Sir?

Bayes. The Third Week.

Johns. I vow you'll get a world of Money.

Bayes. Why, faith, a Man must live: and if you don't, thus, pitch upon some new Device, I gad, you'll never do it; for this Age (take it o' my word) is somewhat hard to please. But there's one pretty odd Passage, in the last of these Plays which may be executed two several ways, where in I'd have your Opinion, Gentlemen.

Johns. I

John. What is't, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I make a Male Person to be in Love with a Female.

Smith. Do you mean that, Mr. Bayes, for a new thing?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, as I have order'd it. You shall hear. He having passionately lov'd her through my five whole Plays, finding at last that she consents to his Love, just after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghost, he kills himself. That's one way. The other is, that she coming at last to love him, with as violent a Passion as he lov'd her, she kill'd her self. Now my Question is, which of these two Persons should suffer upon this occasion?

John. By my troth, it is a very hard Case to decide.

Bayes. The hardest in the World, I'gad, and has puzzled this Pate very much. What say you, Mr. Smith?

Smith. Why truly, Mr. Bayes, if it might stand with your Justice now, I would spare 'em both.

Bayes. I'gad, and I think---ha---why then, I'll make him hinder her from killing her self. Ay,

it shall be so. Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

Enter a Funeral, with the two Usurpers and Attendantz.

Lay it down there: no, no, here, Sir. So, now speak.

K. Phys. Set down the Funeral Pile; and let our Grief

Receive from its Embraces some Relief.

K. Phys. Was't not unjust to ravish hence her Breath,

And, in Life's stead, to leave us nought but

Death?

The World discovers now its Emptiness,  
And, by her Loss, demonstrates we have less.

Bayes. Is not this good Language, now? is not  
that Elevate? 'Tis my *non ultra*, I'gad. You must  
know they were both in love with her.

Smith. With her? with whom?

Bayes. Why, this is *Lardella's* Funeral.

Smith. *Lardella*? Ay, who is she?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Sister of *Dramancisir*: A La-  
dy that was crown'd at Sea, and had a Wave for  
her Winding-sheet.

K. Phys. *Lardella*, O, *Lardella*, from above,

Behold the Tragick Issues of our Love,

Put us, sinking under Grief, and Pain,

For thy being cast away upon the Main.

Bayes. Look you now; you see I told you true.

Smith. Ay, Sir, and I thank you for it, very  
kindly.

Bayes. Ay, I'gad, but you will not have Pa-  
tience; honest Mr.----a---- you will not have  
Patience.

Johns. Pray, Mr. Bayes, who is that *Dramancisir*?

Bayes. Why, Sir, a fierce Hero, that frights his  
Mistress, snubs up Kings, baffles Armies, and doe-  
what he will, without regard to Numbers, good  
Manners, or Justice.

Johns. A very pretty Character!

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, I thought your *Hero*  
had ever been Men of great Humanity and Justice.

Bayes. Yes, they have been so; but for my part  
I prefer that one Quality of singly beating of whole  
Armies above all your Moral Virtues put together.  
I'gad. You shall see him come in presently.

Players, why don't you read the Paper? (To the Player)

K. Phys. O, cry you mercy. (Goes to take the Paper)

Bayes. Pish! nay you are such a Fumbler. Come

I'll r  
Coffin.  
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## The Rehearsal.

51

I'll read it my self. (Takes a Paper from off the Coffin.) Stay, it's an ill Hand: I must use my Spectacles. This, now is a Copy of Verses, which I make Lardella compose, just as she is dying, with design to have it pin'd upon her Coffin, and so read by one of the Usurpers who is her Cousin.

Smith. A very shrewd design that, upon my word, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. And what do you think now I fancy her to make Love like, here, in the Paper?

Smith. Like a Woman: what should she make Love like?

Bayes. O' my word you are out tho', Sir; I'gad, you are.

Smith. What then? like a Man?

Bayes. No, Sir, like a Humble Bee.

Smith. I confess, that I should not have fancy'd.

Bayes. It may be so, Sir. But it is, tho' in order to the Opinion of some of your ancient Philosophers, who held the Transmigration of the Soul.

Smith. Very fine!

Bayes. I'll read the Title. To my dear Cousin King

Phyl.

Smith. That's a little too familiar with a King, tho', Sir, by your Favour, for a Humble Bee.

Bayes. Mr. Smith, in other things, I grant your Knowledge may be above me: but, as for Poetry, give me leave to say, I understand that better: it has been longer my Practice; it has indeed, Sir.

Smith. Your Servant, Sir.

Bayes. Pray mark it.

Since Death my Earthly part will thus remove,

(Reads)  
I'll come a Humble Bee to your chaste Love:  
With silent Wings I'll follow you, dear Cousin;  
Or else, before you, in the Sun-beams, bee.

## The Rehearsal.

And when to Melancholy Groves you come,  
And Airy Ghost, you'll know me by my Hum;  
For Sound, being Air, a Ghost does well become.

Smith. (After a Pause.) Admirably!

Bayes. At Night, into your Bosom I will creep,  
And buzz but softly if you chance to sleep:  
Yet in your Dreams, I will pass sweeping by,  
And then, both hum and buzz before your Eye.

Johns. By my troth, that's a very great Promise.

Smith. Yes, and a most extraordinary Comfort  
to boot.

Bayes. Your Bed of Love from Dangers I will  
free;  
But most from Love of any future Bee.  
And when with Pity your Heart Strings shall crack,  
With empty Arms I'll bear you on my Back.

Smith. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

Bayes. Ay, I'gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha?  
is it not *tuant*? Here's the End.

Then at your Birth of Immortality,

Like any winged Archer, hence, I'll fly,

And teach you your first flutt'ring in the Sky.

Johns. O rare! This is the most natural, refin'd pardoo  
Fancy, that ever I heard, I'll swear.

Bayes. Yes, I think, for a dead Person, it is good-enough way of making Love: for being divested of her Terrestrial part, and all that, she is only capable of these little, pretty Amorous Designs, that are Innocent, and yet Passionate. Come and draw your Swords.

K. Phys. Come Sword, come sheath thy self with  
in this Breast,

Which only in Lardella's Tomb can rest.

K. Ush. Come, Dagger, come, and penetrate the  
Heart,

Which cannot from Lardella's Love depart.

Ent.

Enter Pallas.

Pal. Hold, stop your murd'ring hands

At Pallas's Commands :

For the supposed Dead, O Kings,

Forbear to act such Deadly things.

Lardella lives; I did but try

If Princes for their Loves could die.

Such Celestial Constancy

Shall, by the Gods, rewarded be :

And from these Funeral Obsequies

A Nuptial Banquet shall arise.

(The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is discover'd.

Bayes. So, take away the Coffin. Now it's out.  
This is the very Funeral of the Fair Person which  
Volscius sent word was dead, and Pallas, you see has  
turn'd it into a Banquet.

Smith. Well, but where is this Banquet ?

Bayes. Nay, look you, Sir, we must first have a  
Dance, for Joy that Lardella is not dead. Pray,  
Sir, give me leave to bring in my things properly,  
at least.

Smith. That, indeed, I had forgot: I ask your  
pardon.

Bayes. O, d'ye ye so, Sir? I am glad you will  
confess your self once in an Error, Mr. Smith.

#### D A N C E.

K. Uss. Resplendent Pallas, we in thee do find  
The fiercest Beauty, and a fiercer Mind:  
Come And since to thee Lardella's Life we owe,  
We'll supple Statues in thy Temple grow,

K. Phys. Well, since alive Lardella's found,  
Let, in full Bowls, her Health go round.

(The two Usurpers take each of them a Bowl in  
their hands.

K. Uss. But where's the Wine?

Pal. That shall be mine.

Lo, from this conquering Lance,  
Does flow the purest Wine of France?

(Fills the Bowls out of her Lance.

And, to appease your Hunger, I  
Have, in my Helmet, brought a Pye:  
Lastly, to bear a part with these,  
Behold a Buckler made of Cheese. (vanish) Pallas.  
Bayes. There's the Banquet. Are you satish'd  
now, Sir?

Johns. By my troth, now, this is new, and more  
than I expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would please you: for  
the chief Art in Poetry is to elevate your Expecta-  
tion, and then bring you off some extraordinary  
way.

Enter Drawcanir.

K. Phys. What Man is this, that dares disturb  
our Feast?

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that Drink  
dares die, (in a grand provost on ev'ry-  
And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.  
Johns. That is, Mr. Bayes, as much as to say,  
that tho' he would rather die than not drink, yet  
he would fain drink for all that too.

Bayes. Right; that's the Conceit on't.

Johns. 'Tis a marvellous good one, I swear.

Bayes. Now there are some Criticks that have ad-  
vis'd me to put out the Second Dare, and print  
Mist in the place on't; but, I'gad, I think 'tis bet-  
ter thus a great deal.

Johns. Who! a thousand times.

Bayes. Go on, then.

K. Ush. Sir, if you please, we should be glad to  
know,

How long you here will stay, how soon you'll  
go.

Bayes.

Bayes. Is not that now like a well-bred Person,  
I gad? so Modest, so Gent.

Smith. O, very like.

Draw. You shall not know how long I here will  
stay; But yo shall know I'll take your Bowls away.

(Snatches the Bowls out of the King's hands,  
and drinks 'em off.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, is that (too) Modest and  
Gent?

Bayes. No, I'gad, Sir, but it's Great.

K. U. Tho', Brother, this grum Stranger be a  
Clown,

He'll leave us, sure, a little to gulp down,

Draw. Who e'er to gulp one drop of this dares  
think,

I'll stare away his very Pow'r to drink.

(The two Kings sneak off the Stage, with their Attendants.

I drink, I huff, I strut, look big, and stare;  
And all this I can do, because I dare. (Exit.)

Smith. I suppose, Mr. Bayes, this is the first Hero  
you spoke of.

Bayes. Yes; but this is nothing: you shall see  
him, in the last Act, win above a dozen Battles, one  
after another, I gad, as fast as they can possible come  
upon the Stage.

Johns. That will be a sight worth the seeing in-  
deed.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, why do you make  
the Kings let him use 'em so scurvily?

Bayes. Phoo! that is to raise the Character of  
Draw as Sir.

Johns. O' my word, that was well thought on.

Bayes. Now, Sirs, I'll shew you a Scene indeed;  
or rather indeed, the Scene of Scenes. 'Tis an He-  
roick Scene.

*Smith.* And pray, Sir, what's your Design in this Scene?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, my Design is gilded Truncheons, forc'd Conceit, smooth Verse, and a Raat: In fine, if this Scene does not take, I'gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr.----a--- nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the Stage.

*Smith.* Why fill the Stage?

*Bayes.* O, Sir, because your Heroick Verse never sounds well, but when the Stage is full.

## SCENE II.

Enter Prince Prettyman, and Prince Volscius. Nay, hold, hold; pray by your Leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this Scene is somewhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall our, because they are not Love with the same Woman.

*Smith.* Not in Love! you mean, I suppose, because they are in Love, Mr. *Bayes*?

*Bayes.* No, Sir; I say not in Love: there's a new Conceit for you. Now speak.

*Pres.* Since Fate, Prince Volscius, now has found the way

For our so long'd for meeting here this Day,  
Lend thy Attention to my grand Concern.

*Vol.* I gladly would that Story from thee learn;  
But thou to Love dost, Prettyman, incline:  
Yet Love in thy Breast, is not Love in mine?

*Bayes.* Antithesis! Thine and mine.

*Pres.* Since Love it self's the same, why should it be

Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

*Bayes.* Reasoning! I'gad, I love Reasoning in Verse.

*Vol.*

Volf. Love takes, Camelion-like, a various Dye  
From every Plant on which it self does lye.

Bayes. Simile!

Pret. Let not thy Love the Course of Nature  
sight:

Nature does most in Harmony delight.

Volf. How weak a Deity woul'd Nature prove  
Contending with the powerful God of Love?

Bayes. There's a great Verse!

Volf. If Incense thou wilt offer at the Shrine  
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.

Her Rosy-lips eternal Sweets exhale:  
And her bright Flames make all Flames else  
look pale.

Bayes. I gad, that is right.

Pret. Perhaps dull Incense may thy Love suffice;  
But mine must be Ador'd with Sacrifice.

All Hearts turn Ashes which her Eyes controul:  
The Body they consume, as well as Soul.

Volf. My Love has yet a Power more Divine;  
Victims her Altars burn not, but refine:  
Amidst the Flames they ne'er give up the Ghost,  
But with her Looks, revive still as they roast.  
In spite of Pain, and Death, they're kept alive:  
Her fiery Eyes make 'em in Fire survive.

Bayes. That is as well, I gad, as I can do.

Volf. Let my Parthenope at length prevail.

Bayes. Civil, I gad.

Pret. I'll sooner have a Passion for a Whale:  
In whose vast Bulk, tho' Store of Oyl doth lye,  
We find more Shape, more Beauty in a Fly.

Smith. That's uncivil, I gad.

Bayes. Yes; but as far a fetch'd Fancy, tho' I gad,  
as e'er you saw.

Volf. Soft, Prettyman, let not thy vain pretence  
Of perfect Love, defame Love's Excellence.

Parthenope is sure, as far above  
All other Loves, as above all is Love.

Bayes. Ah! I gad that strikes me.

Pret. To blame my Cloris, Gods would not pretend.

Bayes. Now mark.

Wolf. Were all Gods join'd, they could not hope  
to mend

My better Choice: for fair Parthenope,  
Gods would, themselves, Un-god themselves to  
see.

Bayes. Now the Rant's a coming.

Pret. Durst any of the Gods be so uncivil?  
I'll make that God subscribe himself a Devil.

Bayes. Ah, Godsookers, that's well writ!

(Scratching his Head, his Peruke falls off.

Wolf. Couldst thou that God from Heav'n to  
Earth translate,

He could not fear to want a Heavenly State,  
Parthenope, on Earth, can Heav'n create.

Pret. Cloris does Heav'n it self so far excel,  
She can transcend the Joys of Heav'n in Hell.

Bayes. There's a bold Flight for you now!  
Sdeath, I have lost my Peruke. Well, Gentlemen,  
this is that I never yet saw any one could write, but  
my self. Here's true Spirit and Flame all through,  
I gad. So, so; pray clear the Stage.

(He puts 'em off the Stage.

Johns. I wonder how the Coxcomb has got the  
knack of writing smooth Verse thus.

Smith. Why, there's no need of Brain for this:  
tis but scarring: the Labour's in the Finger; but  
where's the Sense of it?

Johns. O, for that, he desires to be excus'd: he  
is too proud a Man to creep servilly after Sense,  
I assure you. But pray, Mr. Bayes, why is this  
Scene all in Verse?

Bayes.

Bayes. O, Sir, the Subject is too great for Prose.

Smith. Well said, i faith; I'll give thee a Pot of Ale for that Answer; 'tis well worth it.

Bayes. Come, with all my heart.

I'll make that God subscribe himself a Devil, That single Line, I gad, is worth all that my Brother Poets ever writ. Let down the Curtain.

(Exeunt.

The End of the Fifth ACT.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Bayes. NOW, Gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'll shew you the greatest Scene that ever England saw: I mean not for words, for those I do not value; but for State, Shew, and Magnificence. It fine, I'll justifie it to be as grand to the Eye every whit, I gad, as that great Scene in Harry the Eighth, and grander too, I gad; for instead of two Bishops, I bring in here, four Cardinals.

(The Curtain is drawn up, the two usurping Kings appear in State, with the four Cardinals, Prince Pretyman, Prince Volscius, Amaryllis, Cloris, Parthenope, &c. before them, Heralds and Servantes at Arms with Maces.

Smith. Mr. Bayes, pray what is the reason that two of the Cardinals are in Hats, and the other in Caps?

Bayes. Why, Sir, because ----- By Gad, Sir, I won't tell you: your Country Friend, Sir, grows so troublesome!

K. Phys. Now, Sir, to the Business of the Day.

K. Phys. Speak, Volscius.

Vol.

*Vols.* Dread Sovereign Lords, my Zeal to you, must not invade my Duty to your Son; let me intreat that great Prince Prettyman first do speak, whose high Preheminence, in all things that do bear the Name of Good, may justly claim that Privilege.

*Bayes.* Here it begins to unfold, you may perceive, now, that he is his Son.

*Johns.* Yes, Sir; and we are very much beholding to you for that Discovery.

*Prest.* Royal Father, upon my Knees I beg, That the Illustrious *Volscius* first be heard.

*Vols.* That Preference is only due to *Amaryllis*, Sir.

*Bayes.* I'll make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

*Aria.* Invincible Sovereigns----- (Soft Musick.)

*K. Ush.* But stay, what Sound is this invades our Ears?

*K. Phys.* Sure 'tis the Musick of the moving Spheres.

*Prest.* Behold with Wonder, yonder comes from far,

A God-like Cloud, and a Triumphant Car: In which, our two right Kings sit one by one, With Virgins Vests, and Laurel Garlands on.

*K. Ush.* Then, Brother *Phys.* 'tis time we should be gone.

*(The two Usurpers steal out of the Throne, and go away.)*

*Bayes.* Look you now, did not I tell you that this would be as easie a Change as the other?

*Smith.* Yes, faith, you did so; tho' I confess, I could not believe you; but you have brought it about, I see.

*(The two right Kings of Brentford descend in the Clouds, singing, in white Garments; and three Fidlers sitting before them, in green.)*

*Bayes.*

Bayes. Now, because the two right Kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the Tune, and Stile of our modern Spirits.

1 King. Haste, Brother King, we are sent from above.

2 King. Let us move, let us move:

Move to remove the Fate

Of Brentford's long united State.

1 King. Tarra, tan tara, full East and by South,  
We sail with Thunder in our Mouth.

2 King. In scorching Noon-day, whilst the Traveller slays,

Busie, busie, busie, busie, we bustle along.

Mounted upon warm *Phæbus* his Rays,

Through the Heavenly Throng,

Hasting to those

Who will feast us, at Night, with Pigs Petty-toes.

1 King. And we'll fall with our Pate

In an *Olio* of Hate.

2 King. But now Supper's done, the Servitors try,  
Like Soldiers, to storm a whole Half-moon Pye.

1 King. They gather, they gather hot Custards  
in Spoons,

But alas, I must leave these Half-moons,  
And repair to my trusty Dragoons.

2 King. O stay, for you need not as yet go astray;  
The Tide, like a Friend, has brought Ships in  
our way,

And on their high Ropes we will play.

Like Maggots in Filberds, we'll snug in our

We'll frisk in our Shell,

(Shell,

We'll frisk in our Shell,

And farewell.

1 King. But the Ladies have all Inclination to dance,  
And the green Frogs croak out a Coranto of France.

Bayes. Is not that pretty, now? The Fidlers are all in green.

Smith. Ay, but they play no Coranto.

Johns. No, but they play a Tune, that's a great deal better.

Bayes. No Coranto, quoth a! that's a good one, with all my heart. Come, sing on.

2 King. Now Mortals that hear,

How we Tilt and Career,

With Wonder will fear

The Event of such things as shall never appear.

1 King. Stay you to fulfil what the Gods have decreed.

2 King. Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

3 King. So firmly resolv'd is a true Brentford King  
To save the Distressed, and help to 'em bring,  
That e'er a Full-pot of good Ale you can swallow,  
He's here with a Whoop and gone with a Holla.

(Bayes philips his Finger, and sings after 'em.

Bayes. He's here with a Whoop, and gone with Holla. This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in with a Conjuror.

Johns. Ay, that would have been better.

Bayes. No faith, not when you consider it: for thus 'tis more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

Smith. Thing? what thing?

Bayes. Why, bring 'em down again into the Throne, Sir; what thing would you have?

Smith. Well; but, methinks, the Sense of this Song is not very plain.

Bayes. Plain? Why did you ever hear any People in Clouds speak plain? They must be all for Slight of Fancy, at its full Range, without the least Check, or Controul upon it. When once you tye

up Spirits, and People in Clouds to speak plain,  
you will spoil all.

Smith. Bless me, what a Monster's this!

(The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and step  
into the Throne.

1 King. Come, now to serious Counsel we'll  
advance.

2 King. I do agree; but first, let's have a Dance.

Bayes. Right. You did that very well, Mr. Cart-  
wright. But first, let's have a Dance. Pray remem-  
ber that; be sure you do it always just so; for it  
must be done as if it were the effect of Thought,  
and Premeditation. But first, let's have a Dance.  
Pray remember that.

Smith. Well, I can hold no longer, I must gag  
this Rogue; there's no enduring of him.

Johns. No, prithee make use of thy Patience a  
little longer: let's see the end of him now.

(Dance a grand Dance.

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right  
belonging to the Kings of Brentford, but since de-  
riv'd, with a little Alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Enter two Heralds.

1 King. What saucy Groom molests our Privacies?

2 Her. The Army's at the Door, and in Disguise,  
Desires a word with both your Majesties.

2 Her. Having from Knightsbridge hither march'd  
by stealth.

2 King. Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our  
Health.

Smith. How, Mr. Bayes, the Army in Disguise?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, for fear the Usurpers might dis-  
cover them that went out but just now.

Smith. Why, what if they had discover'd them?

Bayes. Why, then they had broke the Design.

1 King. Here, take five Guineas for those War-like Men.

2 King. And here's five more; that makes the Number ten.

1 Her. We have not seen so much, the Lord knows when. *(Exeunt Heraldz.)*

1 King. Speak on, brave Amaryllis.

'Ama. Invincible Sovereigns, Blame not my modesty, If at this grand Conjunction-----

*(Drum beats bebind the Stage.)*

1 King. What dreadful Noise is this that comes and goes?

*Enter a Soldier with his Sword drawn.*

Sold. Haste hence, great Sirs, your Royal Persons save,

For the Event of War no Mortal knows:  
The Army, wrangling for the Gold you gave,  
First fell to words, and then to handy-blows.

*(Exit.)*

Bayes. Is not that now a pretty kind of a Stanza, and a handsome come off?

2 King. O dangerous Estate of Sovereign Pow'r! Obnoxious to the Change of every Hour.

1 King. Let us for shelter in our Cabinet stay: Perhaps these threatning Storms may pass away.

*(Exeunt.)*

Johns. But Mr. Bayes, did not you promise us, just now, to make Amaryllis speak very well?

Bayes. Ay, and so she would have done, but that they hinder'd her.

Smith. How, Sir, whether you would or no?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, the Plot lay so that, I vow to Gad, it was not to be avoided.

Smith. Marry, that was hard.

Johns. But pray, who hinder'd her?

*Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Why, the Battel, Sir, that's just coming in at Door: And I'll tell you now a strange thing, tho' I don't pretend to do more than other Men, I'gad, I'll give you both a whole Week to ghes how I'll represent this Battel.

*Smith.* I had rather be bound to fight your Battel, I assure you, Sir.

*Bayes.* Whoo! there's it now: fight a Battel? there's the common Error. I knew presently where I should have you. Why pray, Sir, do but tell me this one thing, Can you think it a decent thing, in a Battel before Ladies, to have Men run their Swords through one another, and all that?

*Johns.* No, faith, 'tis not civil.

*Bayes.* Right. On the other side; to have a long Relation of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there: what is it but dull Prolixity?

*Johns.* Excellently reason'd by my troth!

*Bayes.* Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both those Indecorums, I sum up my whole Battel in the Representation of two Persons only, no more: and yet, so lively, that, I vow to Gad, you would swear ten thousand Men were at it really engag'd. Do you mark me?

*Smith.* Yes, Sir; but I think I should hardly swear tho', for all that.

*Bayes.* By my troth, but you would, tho', when you see it: for I make 'em both come out in Armour Cap-a-pe, with their Swords drawn, and hung, with a Scarlet Ribbon at their Wrists, (which you know, represents fighting enough.)

*Johns.* Ay, ay; so much, that, if I were in your place I would make 'em go out again without ever speaking one word.

*Bayes.* No, there you are out: for I make each of 'em hold a Lute in his hand.

*Smith.*

smith. How, sir? instead of a Buckler?

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! instead of a Buckler? Pray, Sir, do you ask no more Questions, I make 'em, sir, play the Battel in Recitativo. And here's the Conceit. Just at the very same instant that one sings, the other, Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himself in a Warlike Posture: so that you have at once your Ear entertain'd with Musick and good Language; and your Eye satisfied with the Garb, and Accourements of War.

smith. I confess, Sir, you stupifie me.

Bayes. You shall see.

Johns. But Mr. Bayes, might not we have a little fighting? for I love those Plays, where they cut and slash one another upon the Stage, for a whole Hour together.

Bayes. Why, then, to tell you true, I have contriv'd it both ways. But you shall have my Recitativo first.

Johns. Ay, now, you are right: there is nothing then can be objected against it.

Bayes. True? and so, I'gad, I'll make it, too, a Tragedy, in a trice.

(Enter, at several Doors, the General, and Lieutenant General, arm'd Cap a-pe, with each of them a Lute in his hand, and his Sword drawn, and hung with a scarlet Ribbon at his Wrist.

Lieut. Gen. Villain, thou Eyeft.

Gen. Arm, arm, Gonsalvo, arm; what ho?

The Eye no Flesh can brook, I trow.

Lieut. Gen. Advance, from Acton, with the Musqueteers.

Gen. Draw down the Chelsey Curiassiers.

Lieut. Gen. The Band you boast of, Chelsey Curiassiers,

Shall in my Putney Pikes, now meet their Peers.

Gen.

Gen. Cliswickians, aged, and renown'd in Fight.  
Join with the Hammersmith Brigade.

Lieut. Gen. You'll find my Mortlake Boys will do  
them right,

Unless by Fulham Numbers over-laid.

Gen. Let the Left-wing of Twickenham Foot advance,  
And line that Eastern Hedge.

Lieut. Gen. The Horse I rais'd in Petty-Franc'd  
Shall try their Chance,

And scour the Meadows, over-grown with Sedge.

Gen. Stand: give the word.

Lieut. Gen. Bright Sword.

Gen. That may be thine.

But 'tis not mine.

Lieut. Gen. Give fire, at once give fire,  
And let those recreant Troops perceive mine Ire.

Gen. Pursue, pursue; they fly

That first did give the Lyc. (Exeunt,  
Bayes. This, now, is not improper, I think, be-  
cause the spectators know all these Towns, and  
may easily conceive them to be within the Domi-  
nions of the two Kings of Brenford.

Johns. Most exceeding well design'd!

Bayes. How do you think I have contriv'd to give  
stop to this Battel?

Smith. How?

Bayes. By an Eclipse: Which, let me tell you, is  
a kind of Fancy that was never so much as thought  
of, but by my self, and one Person more, that shall  
be Nameless.

Enter Lieutenant General.

Lieut. Gen. What Midnight Darkness does in-  
spect & vade the Day,

And snatch the Victor from his conquer'd Prey?  
Is the Sun weary of this Bloody Sight,  
And winks upon us with the Eye of Light?

'Tis

Tis an Eclipse. This was unkind, O Moon,  
To clap between me, and the Sun so soon,  
Foolish Eclipse: thou this in vain hast done;  
My brighter Honour had Eclips'd the Sun:  
But now behold Eclipses two in one. (Exit.  
Johns. This is an admirable Representation of a  
Battel, as ever I saw.

Bayes. Ay, Sir. But how would you fancy now  
to represent an Eclipse?

Smith. Why, that's to be suppos'd.

Bayes. Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your sup-  
pose: ha, ha, ha. Why you may as well suppose  
the whole Play. No, it must come in upon the Stage,  
that's certain: but in some odd way, that may de-  
light, amuse, and all that. I have a Conceit for't,  
that I am sure is new, and, I believe to the purpose.

Johns. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of  
this out of a Dialogue, between Phœbus and Aurora  
in the *slighted Maid*: which by my troth, was very  
pretty; but I think, you'll confess this a little better.

Johns. No doubt on't Mr. Bayes, a great deal better.

(Bayes hugs Johnson, then turns to Smith.

Bayes. Ah dear Rogue: but--- a--- Sir, you have  
heard I suppose, that your Eclipse of the Moon, is  
nothing else, but an Interpolation of the Earth, be-  
tween the Sun and Moon: as likewise your Eclipse  
of the Sun is caus'd by an Interlocation of the Moon,  
betwixt the Earth and Sun?

Smith. I have heard some such thing indeed.

Bayes. Well, Sir, then what do me I, but make the  
Earth, Sun, and Moon, come out upon the Stage, and  
dance the Hey: hum; And, of necessity, by the na-  
ture of this Dance; the Earth must be sometimes be-  
tween the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon between  
the Earth and Sun; and there you have both your  
Eclipses, by Demonstration.

Johns.

Johns. That must needs be very fine truly.

Bayes. Yes, it has fancy in't. And then, Sir, that there may be something in't too of a Joque, I bring 'em in all singing, and make the Moon sell the Earth a Bargain. Come, come out Eclipse, to the Tune of Tom Tyler.

Enter Luna.

Luna. Orbis, O Orbis.

Come to me, thou little Rogue Orbis.

Enter the Earth.

Orb. Who calls Terra firma, pray ?

Luna. Luna that ne're shines by day.

Orb. What means Luna in a Vail ?

Luna. Luna means to shew her tail.

Bayes. There's the Bargain.

Enter Sol, to the Tune of Robin Hood.

Sol. Pic, Sister, fie ; thou mak'st me muse,

Derry, derry down.

To see the Orb abuse.

Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move ;

Since I shew'd it out of love.

Hey down derry down.

Orb. Where shall I thy true love know,

Thou pretty, pretty Moon ?

Luna. To morrow soon, e're it be noon,

On Mount Vesuvio. (Bu.

Sol. Then I will shine. (To the Tune of Trenchmore.

Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. And I will drink nothing but Lippary wine.

Omnes. And we, &c. (As they Dance Hey, Bayes speaks.

Bayes. Now the earth's before the Moon ; now the Moon's before the Sun : there's the Eclipse again.

Smith. He's mightily taken with this, I see.

Johns. Ay, 'tis so extraordinary, how can he chuse ?

Bayes. So, now, vanish Eclipse, and enter t'other Battle, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see fighting enough.

(A Battle is fought between Foot and great Hobby-horses.

At last, Drawcanir comes in and kills 'em all on both sides. All this while the Battle is fighting Bayes is telling them when to shout and shout with 'em.

Draw.

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill,  
But I, the Blood of thousands daily spill.  
Let petty Kings the names of Parties know :  
Where e're I come, I slay both Friend and Foe.  
The swiftest Horsemen my swift rage controls,  
And from their Bodies drives their trembling Souls.  
If they had wings and to the Gods could fly,  
I would pursue and beat 'em through the Skie :  
And make proud Jove, with all his Thunder, see,  
This single Arm more dreadful is than He. (Exit.)

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. You may talk of your *Hector*, and *Achilles*, and I know not who ; but I defie all your Histories and your Romances too, to shew me one such Conqueror, as this *Drawcauser*.

Johns. I swear, I think you may.

Smith. But Mr. Bayes, how shall all these dead men go off? for I see none alive to help 'em.

Bayes. go off! why as they came on ; upon their legs : how should they go off? why do you think the People here don't know they are not dead? He is mighty Ignorant, poor man ; your Friend here is very Silly, Mr. Johnson, I Gad, he is, ha, ha, ha. Come, Sir, I'll show you how they shall go off. Rise, rise, Sirs, and go about your Business. There's go off for you now. Ha, ha, ha. Mr. Ivory, a word: Gentlemen, I'll be with you presently. (Exit.)

Johns. Will you so? then we'll be gone. (Exit.)

Smith. Ay, prithee let's go, that we may preserve our Hearing. One Battle more will take mine quite away. (Exeunt.)

Enter Bayes and Players.

Bayes. Where are the Gentlemen?

1 Play. They are gone, Sir.

Bayes. Good 'Ssdeath, this last Act is best of all. I'll go fetch him again.

2 Play. What shall we do now he is gone away?

3 Play. Why, so much the better; then let's go to dinner.

4 Play. Stay, here's a foul piece of paper of his. Let's see what 'tis. (He'll kiss her in the next line.)

3 or 4 Play. Ay, ay, come let's hear it.

Mr. John Read, The Argument of the Fifth Act.

3 Play.

3. Play. *Cloris*, at length, being sensible of Prince *Prettyman*'s Passion, consents to marry him; but, just as they are going to Church, Prince *Prettyman* meeting, by chance, with old *Joan the Chandlers Widow*, and remembering it was she that first brought him acquainted with *Cloris*, out of a high point of Honour, breaks off his Match with *Cloris*, and marries old *Joan*. Upon which, *Cloris*, in despair, drowns her self; and Prince *Prettyman*, discontentedly, walks by the River side. This will never do: 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's begone. (Exeunt.)

*Most of the Play.* Ay, pox on'r, let's go away.

Enter *Bayes*.

*Bayes.* A plague on 'em both for me, they have m'de me sweat to run after 'em. A couple of Sencele's Raskals, that had rather go to Dinner than see this Play out with a Pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for such dull Rogues? Come Mr----a--- Where are you, Sir? come away quick, quick.

Enter *Stage-keeper*.

*Stage.* Sir, they are gone to Dinner.

*Bayes.* Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.

*Stage.* Why, an't please your Worship, Sir, the Players are gone to Dinner too.

*Bayes.* How are the Players gone to Dinner? 'Tis impossible: the Players gone to dinner! I Gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does 'em the Honour to write for 'em, and all that company of Proud, Conceited, Humorous, Croſt grain'd persons, and all that. I Gad, I'll make 'em the most Contemptible, Despicable, Inconsiderable persons, and all that, for the whole world for this trick. I Gad I'll be reveng'd on 'em; I'll sell this Play to the other House.

*Stage.* Nay, good Sir, don't take away the Book; you'll disappoint the company that comes to see it acted here, this afternoon.

*Bayes.* That's all one, I must reserve this comfort to my self, my Play and I shall go together, we will not part indeed, Sir.

*Stage.* But what will the Town say, Sir?

*Bayes.* The Town! why, what care I for the Town? I Gad, the Town has us'd me as scurvily, as the Players have done: but I'll be reveng'd on them too; for I'll Lampoon 'em

\*em all: And Since they will not admit of my Plays, they shall know what a Satyrift I am. And so farewell to this Stage, I Gad, for ever.

(Exit Bayes.

Enter Players.

1 Play. Come then, let's set up Bills for another Play.

2 Play. Ay, ay; we shall lose nothing by this I warrant you.

1 Play. I am of your opinion. But before we go, let's see *Haynes* and *Shirley* practise the last Dance; for that may serve us another time.

2 Play. I'll call 'em in: I think they are but in the Ty-ring-room.

The Dance done.

1 Play. Come, come; let's go away to Dinner.

(Exeunt Omnes.

## EPILOGUE

THE Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?

That Circumstance our Poet Bayes forgot,  
And we can boast, that 'tis a Plotting Age,  
No place is freer from it, than the Stage.  
The Ancients Plotted, tho', and strove to please  
With Sense that might be understood with ease;  
They every Scene with so much Wit did store,  
That who brought any in, went out with more;  
But this New Way of Wit does so surprize,  
Men lose their Wits in wondring where it lies.  
If it be true, that Monsieurs births presage  
The following mischiefs that afflict the Age,  
And sad disasters to the State proclaim;  
Plays without hazard rail, may do the same.  
Wherefore, for ours, and for the Kingdom's peace,  
May this Prodigious way of writing cease.  
Let's have at least, once in our lives a time  
When we may hear some Reason, not all Rhyme;  
We have these Ten years felt its Influence,  
Pray let this prove a year of Prose and Sense.

FINIS

